The Nation.

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The Week.

The temperate statement of the Japanese position respecting our Hawaiian treaty sets out forcibly the rough over-riding of Japanese rights which President McKinley proposes, and contains, in addition, one assertion which ought to bring a blush to every American cheek still capable of blushing. It is that the Japanese Minister in Washington was deceived by our Government. He had inquired at the State Department as to the intention of the Administration in regard to Hawaii, and had been informed that no treaty was in preparation or even in contemplation. Judge, then, of the sensations of this heathen when the rulers of a Christian nation, in the face of their promise, suddenly produced a treaty as absolutely ignoring the interests of 24,000 of his fellow-countrymen as if they had been simply so many wild beasts infesting the islands. The explanation is simple, though we fear it will not seem so to the untutored heathen or to the trained diplomat. When Mr. McKinley assured the Japanese Minister, as he had assured others, that he would have nothing to do with Hawaiian annexation, he did not dream that the Senate would pull him about so quickly. If he had foreseen how annexation would get tangled up with the sugar schedule, he would have been more guarded. Of course, no promise, no international understanding can hold good for a day as against a tariff exigency. Our Government had not the slightest intention of tricking the Japanese; there is nothing Machiavellian about Mr. McKinley—he was not trying to lull the Japanese Minister to sleep with false pretences. He simply forgot that the tariff and the Senate might compel him to break his promises. It will be a useful lesson to foreign ministers in Washington. They will understand hereafter that all agreements with this country are binding on us only so long as some unexpected hitch in the tariff does not force us to violate them.

Mr. Morgan has introduced in the Senate a bill to annex Hawaii, which is designed to bring the Sandwich Islands under the dominion of the United States, treaty or no treaty, by March 4, 1898, or earlier if Congress so decides. Mr. Morgan says that his bill is intended to carry the annexation treaty into execution in case it shall be ratified by the Senate, or to provide for its ratification by the joint action of the two houses in case the Senate shall refuse to act. "The treaty," he says, "can be ratified in this form, by a majority vote in each of the two houses, thus avoiding the necessity for securing two-thirds of the Senate, as would be required if the matter should be passed upon by that body alone." So far as procedure goes, Mr. Morgan would seem quite justified in his attempt. There is nothing in the Constitution which says that countries must be annexed by treaty. They may be annexed by law just as well; in fact, so far as the mere act of taking and holding goes, the President might annex by means of a few battle-ships. The difficulty with Mr. Morgan's bill is that it "antagonizes" the President's treaty, and puts Mr. Morgan instead of the President in the position of the great annexer. There is no doubt that Mr. Morgan can give Mr. McKinley "points" on a vigorous foreign policy.

The Republican State convention in Ohio opened most discouragingly with a ranting speech by Congressman Grosvenor, admirably calculated to drive away the whole body of independent voters—if there were any place for them to go. It was only through their support last fall that McKinley carried his own State by the relatively small plurality of 48,494, as against 268,469 in New York, and 142,607 in Illinois. Yet Mr. Grosvenor took especial pains to sneer at this body of voters who were so indispensable last fall, and who are so necessary to success again this year, talking about "the howl of the Mugwumps." Not content with abuse of the Independents as a force in politics, he sought to show that they had gained nothing, and could expect to gain nothing, in the way of financial reform from giving the Republicans control of the national administration. He condemned the Democrats for "taking their stand firmly upon the foundation of a 50-cent dollar and the depreciation and degradation of the coinage of the country," but the only evidence which he had to present that the Republicans had taken a firm stand for a 100-cent dollar was his "pointing with pride" to the sending abroad of a ridiculous commission in what everybody knows to be a hopeless search after an international agreement on bimetallism.

No gathering of Republican leaders in Ohio is ever complete without a factional controversy and well-sustained charges of treachery. The usual performance was again enacted when the delegates assembled in Toledo on June 23. Gov. Bushnell is to run for re-election, and Mr. Hanna is the Republican candidate for the Senate. Each distrusts the other, and each is afraid to leave the conduct of the campaign as chairman of the State committee to a representative of the other, for fear of being "knifed." Bushnell's man for chairman was Kurtz, and Hanna's was Dick. Each vowed that he would not surrender, but the Governor finally had to yield. Hanna not only got away a majority of the State committee, but he had come into possession of several letters that Kurtz had written, in which the Senator was arraigned severely, and he declared that no personal enemy, such as Kurtz had proved himself to be, should be placed in a position of such power and responsibility. Bushnell could not offer in rebuttal any letters of Dick arraigning the Governor severely, and there was nothing for him to do but to "take his medicine" and let the Senator run the campaign.

Senator Hanna's "dodge" of evading all expressions of opinion on the currency question in 1897 by "reaffirming allegiance" to the national platform of last year is undoubtedly very ingenious. But when he had the Ohio convention resolve that the national platform of last year "declares the true principles and policy of the Republican party," and that "to all the declarations of that platform we pledge anew our allegiance," he apparently forgot one of those declarations. The St. Louis platform contained this plank:

> "The civil-service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable."

The extensions of the reform system made by President Cleveland during the last year of his term came almost simultaneously with this declaration, and were in consonance with its spirit. Yet the Republican platform adopted at Toledo contains a resolution that "we denounce the vitiation of the spirit of the civil-service act by President Cleveland in those orders which extended its operation beyond its purpose and intent, and demand such revocation of orders or modification of the law as will accomplish its manifest purpose." A more cynical repudiation of pledges could not be conceived.

The wool schedule adopted by the Senate last week marks the almost complete triumph of the "Rocky Mountain sheep" and the almost complete defeat of the woollen manufacturers. Nobody can seriously regret the latter. It is the result of sitting down to supper with the devil while not having a long enough ladle. There is still talk of giv-

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ing the manufacturers "compensatory" duties, but what can compensate them for not being able to get the wool they need? This kind of protection is a perfect illustration of Cecil Rhodes's cynical definition, that it is the fiscal system which makes goods dear and nasty. If the manufacturers had made a square and open fight, they might, at least, have won sympathy in their misfortunes; but they have trusted to intrigue and dickering, and the dickering has gone against them. The spectacle of Senators Quay and Penrose trying in vain to save the high-protection Philadelphia carpet-manufacturers from being hoist with their own petard, must have rejoiced the souls of the wool-growers. They are at last commending the Pennsylvania chalice to the lips of Pennsylvania. As for Mr. Dingley, he will now have to come out of the brush. He had the effrontery to defend in public the rates which the Western Republicans wrote in his bill, and which he, as a woollen manufacturer, knew would be disastrous, while privately begging fellow-manufacturers to come to Washington and make the Senate undo the outrage. Well, the Senate has finally made the outrage several degrees more outrageous, and what is Mr. Dingley going to do about it? Probably nothing, except join Senator Quay in seeing what "strategy" can do in conference committee.

Senator Platt of Connecticut made on Thursday a much-needed "explanation" of the huge anticipatory importations of wool. He admitted that a year's supply was now in hand, but, when Senator Jones moved to put the duties in effect only after a year, said that it was "in the main held by speculators," not manufacturers, and that the latter ought not to be punished for the action of speculators. But will not the speculators do the punishing of the manufacturers, if what Mr. Platt says is true? They have the wool; the new duties are designed to increase its price 6 to 10 cents a pound; and they will at once exact this of the manufacturers, whereas, a suspension of the duties for twelve months would punish the speculators, and give the manufacturers a chance to get the wool on their own terms. But the real reason why Senator Platt shrinks from punishing the speculators lest he punish the manufacturers is, of course, that they are one and the same. They are manufacturers so far as relates to "compensatory" duties on the wool that is going to cost them so much, and are speculators in respect to the wool which they have imported free. Senator Platt knows this as well as anybody, and his explanation is only a ludicrous attempt to deceive.

Senator Aldrich is taking no part in the Senate debates. This is not to be wondered at, quite apart from his poor health. His treatment by the Senate has been enough to make him ill, as he has been overruled and repudiated in almost every part of the tariff bill which he got up. His revenue duties have been contemptuously dismissed. His sugar schedule was disowned and thrown away. But most significant of all has been the way in which his attempts to make the tariff reasonable and "conservative" have come to grief. Almost all his low rates have been put back to the Dingley level, or higher. The finance committee have, in fact, made an almost complete surrender. What they are ordered to do they do without a murmur. Their first talk about a conservative tariff, such as the country had been led to expect, was utterly disgusting to the men who had paid for a 700 per cent. tariff and were bound to have it. The first feeble protests against an extreme tariff are now no more heard, and the Senate goes on meekly writing into the bill what the manufacturers have first written on their own letter-heads. Revenue and moderation are thrown to the winds; and the dizziest tariff rates ever heard of in this country are voted without explanation or defence.

It is perplexing to see that the *Tribune* condemns the statute lately passed in Pennsylvania taxing alien laborers three cents a day. It says that no doubt the native laborer has felt seriously the competition of Huns, Poles, and Italians, but that it is better for individuals to suffer than that the State should adopt a policy which violates at once economic laws and ordinary justice. The *Tribune* should explain to its readers why this doctrine does not hold good in the case of a protective tariff. That violates economic laws and ordinary justice in precisely the same way as a tax on wages. The McKinley tariff on pearl buttons ruined the industry of making them in Austria, so that the wages of the poor people employed were reduced much more than three cents a day. Some of them were doubtless Huns and Poles, and the circumstance that they are on one side of the Atlantic rather than the other does not seem to be relevant to the question of humanity or justice. If it is desired to prevent foreign laborers from competing with Americans, no more effective plan can be adopted than that of taxing their wages, and the only complaint that a protectionist can consistently make of the Pennsylvania statute is that the tax is not high enough.

Republican newspapers in Pennsylvania agree that the present Legislature of that State is the worst that has ever been known. The Philadelphia *Press* characterizes the majority as "reckless and servile," and speaks of one measure which it has passed as "without justification or decent excuse, and the most brazen and audacious scheme of arrogant usurpation which even these days of jobbery, peculation, and profligacy have developed." The *Ledger* declares that "Pennsylvania has never had quite such a bad Legislature as that which is now in session." Corruption seems to pervade everything, and petty thievery accompanies highway robbery. For example, appropriation bills have been presented containing items of charges for railroad fares, cab hire, and similar expenses for members of investigating committees who declare, in the rare cases of a few honest men, that such expenses were never incurred, and that these are attempts at pure "steals." In the case of the visit of a legislative committee to New York city at the dedication of the Grant monument the cost was put down at a sum two or three times as great as could possibly have been expended. Naturally enough, fraud is employed to get such jobs through the Legislature, and four of the bills making appropriations for the expenses of legislative committees were found to have been fraudulently put upon the calendar. It is estimated that an exposure of the corrupt practices attempted will save the State $100,000.

The latest revelation about the Pennsylvania Legislature is the exposure of wholesale padding of the pay-rolls in both the Senate and the House. An honest Representative observed that the roll for the lower branch called for $75,404, while a computation of the proper total, counting every man who can draw pay under authority of the law, amounted to only $55,980. The inquisitive member prosecuted further investigations, and found acting as doorkeeper a man whose name did not appear on the employees' list. Asked how he got there, the man said that Senator Quay had sent him down with orders that he was to be taken care of. The pay-roll of the House had been padded by putting on political bummers from all parts of the State. A similar investigation as to the Senate pay-roll showed that $54,948 was asked for employees of that branch, when $39,480 was the extreme limit which could be reached honestly. The Representative who had made these discoveries offered a motion on Monday evening that the House go into committee of the whole for the purpose of correcting the rolls, but it was, of course, voted down, 109 to 66. These swindlers are merely the creatures of Senator Quay. They see that their creator never conceals his contempt for the people. Why should they affect to care anything for public sentiment?

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The fact that a decision made unanimously by the Appellate Division should be reversed by a unanimous Court of Appeals in the State of New York is rather startling. This has just occurred in the case of a trust to pay the interest of a certain fund to the creator of the trust during life, the principal at her death to go to certain remaindermen in fee. It has been generally supposed that the inheritance or transfer tax applied only to property administered through the Surrogate's court, and the tax has been justified as a compensation for the supposed services of the State in allowing legatees and next of kin to take the property of decedents. In such a case as the one just decided it has been thought that the gift made was *inter vivos*, and that the interests of the remaindermen were vested, the death of the creator of the trust serving merely to fix the period of possession. It now seems that it makes no difference whether property passes through the Surrogate's court or not, and that the transfer tax will be applied whenever a donor refers in any instrument to the time of his death as determining the beginning of any estate. It is difficult to believe that the line of decision taken by the Court of Appeals concerning this tax will not soon convince people of moderate as well as large wealth that their estates will be more justly administered under other jurisdictions than that of New York.

If ever there was a simple object lesson on the best method of building up trade, it is to be found in the record of our commercial dealings with Argentina under the Wilson tariff. With imports rising from $5,343,798 in 1892 to $9,313,385 in 1896, our exports to that country have increased from $2,643,325 to $5,491,216 in the same period. It has been in our manufactures—cotton cloth, cordage, machinery, and wood products—that the heaviest increase has occurred. Taking Argentina's exports has opened its markets to our manufactures. The maker finds a taker, as Mr. McKinley would say, but only because the maker invites the taker to exchange. Europe should have proved this axiom—for in commerce our legislators must learn even axioms—and the greater hold of England, Belgium, and France on the exports from Argentina is due only to the free access accorded to those exports in their respective markets.

A market that is expanding like that of Argentina, where there are commodities to be given for commodities, is one to be cultivated. Yet the pending tariff measures deliberately affront the Argentine exporter. A duty on cattle hides will more nearly touch the exports of Argentina than those of any other country. The duties on raw wools will more directly affect the export of Argentine wools than those of any other country. For these wools are low-priced wools, being worth a little more than 14 cents a pound, against 18 cents for the similar wools of Australia. A duty of 10 cents a pound will fall more heavily on a lower-priced wool, and the import will shrink to its former proportions. No reciprocity favors can be granted to lighten the effect of this direct discrimination against Argentine exports, for the sole object of the duties is to cut off trade. The Western Senators who are loudest in demanding high and prohibitive duties on wools come from communities where there has been an actual increase in the sheep flocks since 1893; for there has been such increase in Montana, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, and Idaho. Their object is to monopolize the home market, and it is not likely that they or the slaughter-houses of Chicago will permit any concession to Argentine wool or hides.

We are, perhaps, inclined in this country to look on the Dominion of Canada as somewhat of a laggard in material progress, at least according to our own standards. The Queen's Jubilee, however, has caused the *Canadian Magazine* to present some statistics of its growth in trade and population which are sufficiently impressive. Sixty years ago the total foreign trade of all the colonies now constituting the Dominion of Canada amounted to about $29,000,000. In 1895 the value of this trade was returned as $224,420,000, an increase of about 671 per cent. There have been no very sudden advances, but a gradual, steady growth that indicates the existence of sound conditions. In 1850 there were scarce 50 miles of railroad in the country; in 1860 there were but 1,880; but in 1895 there were about 16,000. Population has increased from 1,100,000 in 1831 to about 5,000,000 at the present time. If the policy of the Government has been frequently short-sighted and extravagant, it must be remembered that a sound system of banking and currency confers advantages on a country that offset many abuses. Now that some of the hindrances to commerce are in a way to be removed, we may be prepared to behold advances in Canadian prosperity that will cause our own people to insist on similar reforms.

Mr. Laurier was not the only colonial Premier at the Jubilee who spoke out for free trade and against Mr. Chamberlain's Zollverein. The Prime Minister of New South Wales, Mr. G. H. Reid, was equally outspoken and emphatic. "The moment you are thrown into schemes of what is called protection," he said, "you admit that the battle is going against you, and you are practically beaten." The way to meet competition is by superior competition. That had been the maxim of British industrial development up to the present time; and "the new method of meeting competition by strategy and by barricades seems practically an admission that the time has come for the decadence of Great Britain." With two such vigorous advocates of freedom of trade as Messrs. Reid and Laurier in his colonial conferences, Mr. Chamberlain will have hard work to smuggle through a scheme of protectionism under the disguise of "fair trade," "preferential trade," "imperial trade," or Zollverein.

The Spanish Government took advantage of the recent abstention of the Opposition to secure the speedy passage of its budget. So far as legal authority to raise revenue is concerned, therefore, no difficulty will be encountered for a twelvemonth. But the particulars of the budget show the financial straits to which Spain has been reduced. The expenditure for the coming year is estimated at $175,000,000, whereas that for the closing year was but about $152,000,000. The ordinary expenditure increases over $3,000,000; the charge for the debt nearly $19,000,000. The revenue for the next year is estimated to exceed the expenditure, but this result is attained only by assuming that certain measures will bring in something like $18,000,000. These measures confer power on the Government to increase all taxes except those on land by 10 per cent.; to create a monopoly of the manufacture, import, and sale of petroleum, and another monopoly of explosives, and to issue Treasury bonds to meet deficiencies. Even before the revolt the Cuban budget showed an annual deficiency of $4,000,000, and the debt has increased by $200,000,000, while the revenue has, of course, greatly fallen off. The Finance Minister states that the charges of the military operations in Cuba and the Philippine Islands will be borne by those colonies, a proposition which contains a deplorable amount of both truth and falsehood. The Cuban people are no doubt paying the cost of war in the destruction of their wealth, but whether they can be made to pay the debt incurred for carrying on the war is very doubtful. It seems even doubtful if Spain can remain solvent for another year, for most of her sources of revenue are already pledged as collateral security for loans. The new monopolies will produce little revenue, and will only increase the burdens of the common people. Nevertheless it is a little surprising that some of our Senators do not urge us to adopt the fiscal expedients of Spain. The fabulous profits of the Standard Oil Company should be sufficient to pay nearly all our pensions if the petroleum business were monopolized by Government.

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PARTY DEMORALIZATION.

Nominations were made and platforms were adopted for the November elections in Ohio and Iowa on Wednesday of last week. Both States are generally Republican, and yet each is so doubtful that the Democrats have repeatedly carried it during the last twenty years. As it was the Republicans who opened the campaign in Ohio and the opposition in Iowa, the country is given simultaneously an insight into the condition of each party in that Middle West section which decided the last Presidential election.

As Ohio is McKinley's own State, and the convention was absolutely controlled by his next friend Hanna, that body's action represents Republicanism as it is understood by the Administration today. McKinley owed his election to the support of independent voters, in Ohio and other States, who regarded him as representing the cause of sound money. The platform adopted in Toledo contained no plank on the financial question—not a word to indicate that currency reform is regarded as necessary, or even desirable. The burning issue of our politics was entirely ignored in the platform, and also in the speeches of Senator Hanna and Gov. Bushnell, who were renominated for their present positions. Congressman Grosvenor, the presiding officer, was the only speaker who alluded to the subject, and he added insult to injury by treating the appointment of the bimetallic commission now roving through Europe as the complete redemption of the party's pledges regarding the currency.

What the platform and its framer, Senator Hanna, said on other questions was as significant and depressing as the silence on the chief issue. The resolution on the tariff is confined to an absurd "demand for the wool-growers of Ohio of such ample protection for wool as shall speedily increase American flocks sufficiently to supply all American needs." This declaration was fitly complemented by Mr. Hanna's preposterous characterization of the measure over which his Republican colleagues in the Senate chamber are daily wrangling, as "the most nicely balanced, the most scientific, and the best tariff law the country has ever had." For the rest, the platform offers "sympathy" to Cuba, endorses the annexation of Hawaii, commends reforms in the Pension Bureau, bids for the "labor vote" with a call for a national board of arbitration, and gives the Mugwumps, whom Mr. Grosvenor took pains to denounce, a "dose" by denouncing President Cleveland for extending the operation of the civil-service law, and demanding the revocation or modification of his action.

The guiding spirit of the convention was Senator Hanna, who left Cleveland for Toledo "with a retinue that any monarch might envy," in a special train "ablaze with color" and bearing 400 admirers, every one of whom "wore a beautiful badge in red and gold, in which was woven Hanna's picture." He was unanimously endorsed to succeed himself in the Senate, was thanked in the platform for unspecified "splendid efforts during the present session of Congress," was given entire charge of the campaign—in short, was practically crowned as the party king in his State.

Such is Republicanism in Ohio. Quite as gloomy is the condition of what was once the Democratic party in Iowa. That organization has now sunk its identity in a fusion with the Populists and the Silver Republicans, the three parties holding conventions at Des Moines on the same day and dividing the places on the ticket among them. A eulogy of Bryan is credited with having secured the gubernatorial nomination for the chairman of the so-called Democratic State convention, and the platform acepted by all three organizations endorsed the whole Bryan platform of 1896, with a special reiteration of the principle of free coinage at 16 to 1. As the ballot law of Iowa forbids the publication of a fusion ticket on the official ballot in more than one place, the list of candidates put forth is called "Democratic," but the name is all that is left of traditional Democracy in Iowa.

The developments in Ohio and Iowa are equally illuminating. They show that the demoralization of both the old parties is complete. Republicanism in Ohio never touched a lower level than was reached at Toledo in the abuse of the Independents to whom the party owes its possession of the Presidency, the praise of tariff spoliation as a display of science, the ignoring of the chief issue in our politics, and the elevation to supreme power in the party of a man who personifies the materialistic tendencies of our civilization. Democracy in Iowa can go no further in surrender of all the principles which it once represented than when it accepts Populism as its creed and puts a Populist on its ticket as a modern "Democrat."

Yet the very badness of the situation in both of the old parties has its hopeful aspect. It demonstrates to the nation that steps must be taken by those voters who believe in something, to have an organization by 1900 for which they can vote with the enthusiasm that characterized Republican support of Lincoln and Democratic support of Cleveland when either party was at its best. The demoralization of the old parties must compel a union of forces along new lines for a campaign which will inspire support based on neither purchase nor trade. The right-minded voters of the United States will not permanently be restricted to a choice between Republicanism as it is typified in Hanna, and Democracy as it is degraded to a mere "combine" for the capture of offices.

PROTECTION UNVEILED.

The falling out of rogues is the proverbial time for honest men to get their due; and the great protectionist falling out in the Senate on June 22 was no exception to the rule. The angry recriminations which flew back and forth across the chamber let in a stronger light upon the true nature of a protective tariff than the country has ever had before. This whole extra session, in fact, called for the express purpose of making protection more sacred than ever, has brought it, even in the eyes of its whilom friends, into deeper discredit than ever. There was, first, the appalling blunder of proposing a tax on books and art; this struck the scales from many eyes which had never before seen how inherently barbarian by nature the protective theory is. Then came the startling confession by Mr. Aldrich that protective taxes could no longer be counted upon to keep the Government in funds. Afterwards came the depressing revelation that the Sugar Trust was again dictating the sugar schedule. But last week's stroke was more deadly than any that had gone before.

It destroyed the last lingering illusion about the manner in which a protective tariff is framed. We all know what was the idyllic, pre-Adamite theory of the way the thing was done. Sage and disinterested men met in Washington, looked the country over, grasped by supernatural instinct the conditions and needs of every industry in the land, apportioned to each just the amount of protection required, sternly sending to the right-about every clamorous jobber and selfish interest, and made a tariff beautifully adapted to the good of each and all. This view of the procedure long since became grotesque to those who knew what the fact was; but many people with a talent for hugging delusions still thought something of the kind to be the truth. After the late affray in the Senate, however, the most credulous can no longer be bamboozled.

Instead of a company of statesmen, looking before and after and anxiously consulting the good of the whole country, the Republican Senators revealed themselves as little better than a band of brigands wrangling over the division of their booty. Charges of bad faith were freely flung about. All the talk was of two-o'clock-in-the-morning conferences, and secret agreements and "combines," and violated understandings and ultimata served, and threats of "you will hear from me again." It was openly charged, and not denied, that one amendment offered by the finance committee was actually written on a manufacturer's letter-head. Of course, manufacturers have written their own rates before, and publicly boasted of it, but

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the Senate has, till the present, always had the decency to copy them off on official paper. Even that thin disguise it is no longer thought necessary to preserve. What the manufacturers thrust into the hands of Senators is now brazenly made law just as it stands. All this, we say, with the cynical Foraker's statement of the way the wool schedule was crammed down the throats of the finance committee, strips away the last rag of concealment from protection. As Senator Vest said, he and the whole country had the privilege, for the first time, of seeing a Republican caucus at work on the tariff. When Sir George Trevelyan was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he once refused permission for a Nationalist meeting at the same hour and in the same city with a Unionist meeting, previously arranged for. He told the Irishmen to hold their meeting later and confute the Unionists. "But how can we confute them," persisted the delegation, "unless we are there at the same time?" Well, the country was there at the same time with the Republican caucus, and will hereafter have no difficulty in confuting any man who pretends that a protective tariff is aught but an unblushing dividing of the spoil.

But we must look behind the furious Senators. Their rage at being tricked, their midnight bargaining, their fierce taking the committee by the throat, their open giving of the lie, are not mere personal acts of theirs. They do but move as they are made to move, and the question is, Who is thus able to control them? Who is it that holds their political future in the hollow of his hand—who that demands the stipulated pound of flesh—who that makes them mere puppets? The answer leads to the real unveiling of protection which the country is witnessing. The Senators are not free men. The Republican party has to make, not the kind of tariff it would like, but the kind of tariff that it has sold itself to make. The manufacturers who write their own rates on their own letterheads show the true state of the case. The Senate is their creature; the Republican caucus their servant. A protective tariff is a pure matter of bargain and sale; and the terms of it are openly referred to in the Senate, where the men who are held up to execration are not at all the men who have sold themselves, but the men who show some slight squeamishness about delivering the goods.

A sardonic feature of the whole business is that all this degradation is in vain; the Republicans, like the Georgia negro who thought he was listening to the preaching of Whitefield, have been "rolling in the dirt for nothing." Even their wool schedule, over which their shameful wrangle took place, is going to have no effect on business and their party fortunes except a bad effect. With a year's supply of free wool on hand, the farmer will get no appreciable advantage from the advanced rates. With a year's supply of manufactured woollens on hand, the mills are going to be no better off. Whatever changes or improvements come will be caused by the laws of trade, not by the futile meddling with them now going on at Washington. Thousands of Republicans now admit all this. They see and say that the country has outgrown protection; that tariff rates, no matter how high or how low, are a dead letter so far as the business of this country is concerned, except that they hurt it by irritating foreigners and inducing them to retaliate. In this respect, too, the discussions on the tariff and the progress of events have revealed to many eyes, hitherto blinded, the breaking down of the protective system. Perhaps it was best that it should expire in the house of its friends. Creeds have been said to die by the process of explaining them, and protection may by the process of defending it. It might not be dropped simply because it was a proved resultant of greed and the fierce scramble of private interests; but if it is going to turn out, as it is, a disappointment to the greedy and ashes in the mouth of the selfish, the protective tariff now enacting, with all the marks of purchase and corrupt intrigue upon it, may well be the last we shall ever see.

THE HOME MARKET OF HAWAII.

So much has been said of the commerce of the Hawaiian Islands, and of its importance both as a feeder and rival to the productions of the United States, that the sense of proportion has become dim, and both advocates and opponents of the reciprocity treaty seek to support their respective sides by exaggerated statements. Only by referring to the official returns can a true idea of the commercial relations between the two countries be formed.

It may be stated at the outset that without the reciprocity treaty the consumption of American products in Hawaii would have been less than the consumption of a few counties in any populous State in the Union. By conceding a free market to some products for the growth of which the soil and climate of the islands were admirably fitted, a more potent encouragement has been given than any system of protective duties could have afforded. The treaty placed the sugar of the islands on precisely the same dutiable basis as the sugars of Louisiana, and the rice of Hawaii on the same basis as the rice of South Carolina—with some advantages to boot. The distance of California and the extreme Western States from the Atlantic seaboard and even from the Mississippi valley, and the cost of transport across the continent, gave to the sugars and rice of Hawaii a natural monopoly of the Western market.

The result has been to stimulate the growth of these products in the islands to such an extent as to concentrate in them the export trade. In 1850 only a few hides and skins, less than $9,000 in value, were imported from the then Sandwich Islands, and the total trade, both import and export, was summed up in that article. In 1860 the United States were exporting to the islands more than importing, and this relation was not altered till 1866. In the latter year the production had already centred in sugar, rice, and coffee, and, as a rather curious result of the cotton famine, a small quantity of cotton. Sugar already contributed more than two-fifths of the total value of exports. Ten years later this centralization was favored by the reciprocity treaty, and since that time the commerce has been almost uniformly based upon sugar. The export of coffee almost ceased after 1882, but has again risen to its former figures, 180,000 pounds a year; the trade in hides and skins has steadily declined since 1887; the movement of rice is variable, but shows a marked tendency to fall away, and the only class of products outside of sugar that gives evidence of vitality is that of fruits and nuts. The export of sugar to the United States in 1879 was 41,696,674 pounds, and has increased to its highest figure of 352,175,269 pounds in 1896. Of the total exports to the United States in 1896, valued at $11,757,704, sugar represented $11,336,796—or more than 96 per cent. of the whole.

Monopolizing in a great degree, as we do, the export trade of the islands, the import trade is shared with other countries. The reciprocity treaty enumerated a long list of manufactured products to which free entry was to be accorded in Hawaiian ports against the similar products coming from any other country. This discrimination has enabled the manufacturers of the United States to enjoy the larger part of the Hawaiian import trade, but no great results have followed. The highest export in any year was made in 1891, when nearly $5,000,000 was attained. Since 1877 the exports have nearly doubled in value, but the annual average is still less than $4,000,000. Nor does an examination of the details of these exports lead to any conclusion in favor of this form of reciprocity; for the articles are such as the United States possesses so great an advantage in growing or manufacturing that they would, when supported by geographical position, be exported whether there was any treaty or not—iron and steel manufactures, of which a large part was sugar machinery, breadstuffs and provisions, tobacco, and manufactures of leather, cotton, and wood—in nearly

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every instance articles which could not be supplied by any other country so cheaply and easily as by the United States. The treaty stipulated only for exports on the lines of least resistance, and it would not be far out of the way to assert that the export trade to Hawaii rather reflects the growth of the import trade from the islands than any stimulus afforded by the treaty. In other words, free trade in imports has led to an export trade, and this will be the effect wherever the trial is made.

The imports into Hawaii from countries other than the United States were in 1896 $1,700,354, of which the United Kingdom enjoys the larger part. While more than 99 per cent. of Hawaiian exports are sent to the United States, only 70 per cent. of the imports are derived from us. China and Japan combined send $570,000 to the islands, while Germany is able to send less than one-fifth the value derived from England. The shipping is American to the largest degree, and all English trade is carried in British bottoms. Germany is the only carrier for merchandise other than her own.

The character of the population of the islands is such as cannot lead to any notable increase in the market for our products. What is now supplied by other peoples will largely be obtained from us, but even if the entire Hawaiian demand be satisfied by our domestic products, the increase in volume of export trade will amount to only $2,000,000, or less than one-fifth of one per cent. on the total export movement of the United States. This is a pitiably small matter, and becomes insignificant in the face of little prospect of any increase in the immediate future. The Hawaiian exports now come to us; we enjoy as large a share in the Hawaiian markets as we deserve. The movement to annex cannot be in favor of commerce, and this emphasizes the local selfishness that has dictated the annexation against the warnings of experience and in disregard of political problems that threaten danger in every aspect.

CANADA'S RETALIATORY LABOR LAW.

Three months ago Prof. Dicey wrote an article in one of the English reviews advocating what he described as a common citizenship for all Englishmen and Americans. His idea was that an act of Parliament should be passed to make every citizen of the United States a British subject, and that simultaneously an act of Congress should be passed making every British subject a citizen of the United States. It is doubtful if Prof. Dicey would have been so enamoured of this Utopian proposal if he had known more of the United States; if he had been aware of the friction which has existed on the Ontario border for ten years, arising out of the American alien contract-labor law; and if he had been aware also that, at the time his article appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, there was pending in the Dominion Parliament a measure in retaliation for the American law. The alien contract-labor law which is about to come into operation in Canada is essentially un-British in its character. It was passed by the Dominion Parliament only because of the pressure brought to bear on the Laurier Government by the members from Ontario in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

The Canadian act is almost a duplicate of the American contract-labor law, and it is believed to be the first measure of the kind emanating from any Legislature in the British Empire. It makes it unlawful for any person to assist or encourage the importation or migration of alien laborers from the United States into Canada to work under contract in the Dominion, and provides for the deportation of such laborers. It applies only to people arriving in Canada from the United States. A Liberal member from one of the border counties of Ontario was sponsor for the bill in the House of Commons; and in drawing it up he took the American law as his model, altering the phraseology so as to make it apply to the case of Canada, and to apply only against contract laborers from the United States. There is an impression in this country that the Canadian bill owes its origin to the Lodge-Corliss immigration bill passed in the last Congress and vetoed by Mr. Cleveland. This is not so. The Canadian measure was conceived two years ago; and in the autumn session of the Parliament elected in June, 1896, months before the Lodge-Corliss bill took final shape, the promoters of the Canadian bill had received an assurance from Mr. Laurier that, in the session of 1897, a law in retaliation for the American acts of 1885 and 1887 should be passed. That the Lodge-Corliss bill was known to be pending may have made the people of Ontario more urgent in the pressure they brought to bear on the Ottawa Government last year; but the Canadian law is entirely due to the American acts and to the wantonly aggressive way in which they have been long administered in the neighborhoods of Buffalo and Detroit.

Some of the proceedings of the federal labor-law inspectors in New York and Michigan suggest that the Secretaries of the Treasury at Washington, in whose department the administration of these laws comes, cannot have been cognizant of the way in which they were being interpreted. The first movement of retaliation in Canada was made during the time of the Bowell administration, and resulted in an inquiry by a parliamentary committee. The inquiry established the fact that the people of Ontario had a real grievance, and it brought out the further remarkable fact that the friction in connection with the administration of the American labor laws had always been confined to the Ontario border. Thousands of Canadians pass every year into the New England States to seek work; but from Quebec and the Maritime Provinces there were no complaints to the Ottawa committee of treatment like that which Canadians seeking work in the United States had suffered at the hands of inspectors at Detroit and Buffalo. This unequal administration of the American laws accounts for the fact that the new Canadian law is not to operate at once over the whole length of the Canadian border. It is to be put into force where it may be deemed necessary, at the instance of the Dominion Attorney-General; and while it may add to the long-standing friction on the Ontario border, it is not likely to affect the status quo in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. Laurier has about as much sympathy with the new law as the late John Bright would have had. He at first tried to get out of the difficulty by suggesting that if one's neighbor behaved as a boor, it was not necessary to imitate his example. But this argument was of no avail with the Ontario members. There were demands for a retaliatory bill from both sides of the House of Commons. The leader of the Opposition, Sir Charles Tupper, supported these demands; and when the Parliament opened in March last, the Premier was so placed that he had no option but to accept a private member's bill brought forward on his own side of the House. Even then he was careful not to make it a Government measure, although he was pledged to use the forces of the Government, if necessary, to help the bill through its various stages. The slightest conciliatory movement from Washington made any time these last three months would have served Mr. Laurier as an excuse for postponing any action on the bill. Even yet it practically rests with the Treasury at Washington whether the Canadian bill shall go into effect.

LYNCH LAW.

Few things cause more pain to those who are concerned for the good name of their country than the evidence of the failure of our criminal law furnished by the prevalence of "lynching." Scarcely a day, certainly not a week, passes without a report of the taking of human life by a body of citizens whose systematic measures forbid us to call them a mob. Most of these occurrences take place in communities of comparatively imperfect civilization, but from time to time they are reported from States like Ohio or Maryland, concern-

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ing which no such charge or excuse can be made. That the existence of such practices is a national disgrace no one denies; but it appears to us to reflect peculiar discredit upon the legal profession. The lawyers dominate most of our Legislatures, and the shaping of our jurisprudence is practically in their hands. They may assert that their responsibility is confined to making the laws, and that it is for the people to enforce them. Such a claim is more specious than substantial, if the view we take of the matter is correct.

For whatever may be the requirements of the theory of ethics, criminal jurisprudence is a practical affair. No matter what the views of philosophers, or philanthropists, or legislators may be, society requires to be provided with laws that will work. If the public opinion of a community fiercely condemns certain acts, the law must make those acts crimes, and provide for them such punishment as is regarded as fitting by public opinion. Great emphasis is now laid, and very justly laid, on the importance of making punishment reformatory. But it is equally important that to the people at large the punishment should seem adequate, appropriate, and inevitable. Unless this condition is complied with, the law will fail to secure that moral support without which it becomes the mere despotic exercise of governmental power. It may be applied with much system and formality, but it will fail of its purpose when it ceases to be the expression of the moral sense of the people.

That our criminal law or its application is defective in some of these particulars does not admit of question, and it is equally evident that reform can be accomplished only through the legal profession. Unfortunately no signs appear that the profession is disposed to exert itself in the matter. There are associations of the bar in most of the States, if not in all. There is an association of the bar of the United States. These bodies consider many important questions—too many, perhaps, for practical results—but they can consider no question more important that that of restoring popular respect for the administration of criminal justice. The public interest requires that our lawyers should concentrate their minds on the inquiry whether suitable punishments are now provided for such crimes as occasion most of the summary popular executions; whether there is a reasonable certainty that the law will seize and confine criminals in general; whether the law enables those undoubtedly guilty to escape without punishment, or with inadequate punishment; whether there are unreasonable delays in bringing on trials, in appeals from convictions, and in the infliction of penalties; whether the pardoning power is not abused or is not itself an abuse.

Up to this century the English people may be said to have regarded those of its members who were criminally prosecuted as in danger of becoming the victims of despotic power. The fact that prisoners were allowed no counsel is enough of itself to explain that multiplication of technicalities which has enabled so many scoundrels to escape their just dues. We need to consider whether the changed relations of the people to the Government have been accompanied with proper modifications of the common-law procedure. The criminal law of England is no less severe than our own; but capital crimes and executions are far less frequent than with us. Yet in England there have been no criminal appeals. Conviction before the trial court has been final, while here there are appeals on appeals, with a final resort to a writ of habeas corpus to the Supreme Court of the United States. In the State of New Jersey the Court of Errors and Appeals may be compelled to examine all the proceedings in a capital case, including the evidence, even if no exception has been taken. It does not have the prisoner before it; it does not see the witnesses or hear them testify; but it must try the case with a view to discovering "manifest error," like a court of equity balancing affidavits.

Nothing is better established on psychological grounds than that punishment, to be efficacious as a deterrent, must be prompt. But in what State is this requirement complied with? Some Legislatures have gone so far as to provide that no one shall be hanged for a year after his conviction. In almost all of them a murderer may be sure of a year, perhaps several years, of life after his arrest. He knows, the friends and family of his victim know, the people at large know, that before that time has passed many chances of escape may present themselves. The prisoner may break jail. Material witnesses may die or disappear. Resentment may be softened by the lapse of time; sympathy for the victim who has passed out of this world gives place to sympathy for the prisoner who is struggling to save his life. The longer punishment can be postponed, the greater the possibility that it may be evaded altogether; the greater the certainty, we may say, that it will be mitigated and eventually remitted. Such delays are dangerous, for in cases of atrocious crime, particularly when violence is done to women, popular passions are always difficult to restrain, and if the penalty provided by law is uncertain or insufficient, the conservative element in the community finds itself deprived of its best argument for letting the law takes its course.

ART IN THE VICTORIAN ERA.

LONDON, June 11, 1897.

This has been in London a season of Victorian reminiscences. It was inevitable that the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession should be the signal not only for Jubilee celebrations, but for a general summing up of the chief events that have given distinction to her reign. You cannot take up a paper or a magazine just now without coming upon memoirs and recollections, sketches and histories of the last sixty years. And while publishers, perhaps superfluously, groan over the dull times the Jubilee has brought with it, they could not but admit a large sale for the books that relate to the same period. We have had the personal story of the Queen, with all the familiar and domestic incidents dear to the heart of the sentimental Briton. We have had the story of her prime ministers and the great soldiers of her United Kingdom and her colonies. We have had the survey of Victorian literature and Victorian drama. And space has even been found for Victorian art, which might have been left out of the reckoning, and the public relied upon to accept the omission with equanimity.

But, really, the record of art should have proved the easiest of all to make. Here was a chance, not for statement of fact alone, but for actual display of accomplishment; where art is concerned, the walls of the exhibition gallery are always more eloquent than pages of printed description. The chance has not been overlooked. Among the innumerable other Victorian demonstrations, we are having the Victorian picture show, and, in two cases at least, it has been prepared with an apparent effort to represent seriously the entire period in question. One is at the Guildhall, the city corporation having of late busied itself with art and begun to give admirable loan exhibitions of earlier work, at a time when the Royal Academy seems to have wearied of the old masters it was once its pride to show in midwinter. The other is at Earl's Court, where the Gardens that have been, in turn, American and Italian and Indian and much else besides, have very naturally become Victorian in deference to the all-absorbing interest of the moment.

To be honest, nothing could be more disappointing than these two shows, each in its own way. The galleries at the Guildhall are small, but still, by careful selection of the pictures that best illustrate the important movements and tendencies of the last sixty years, much might have been done. It is hard to say, as it is, upon what principle the selection has been made, but the result is a collection that tells little except that there were a few painters of landscape and architecture at the beginning of the reign; a group calling themselves Prè-Raphaelites towards the middle; and, at the end, a handful of Royal Academicians of no special talent or distinction. At Earl's Court matters are worse; probably because there more pictures have been gathered together to as little purpose. Indeed, the very name Victorian, which has come to be a synonym for all that is meretricious or common, which is hopelessly associated with ugliness, has had a most disastrous effect upon the entire exhibition and its Gardens. I speak the more feelingly because in the new (the July) number of the *Century* I am rather lavish in my praise of the same scene of summer entertainment. However, last year and the year before it was nominally Indian and, therefore, according to Shandyan philosophy, not doomed to commonplace. But

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the court, that was then very lovely, with its great white spaces and simple lines of light, is now as ornate and garish as the most ardent Victorian heart could desire; the illuminations, that then were so harmonious because of the simplicity of their scheme, are now all discord and clashing of many colors; while high above the Garden, triumphant tribute to the commercialism of the Victorian age, the great wheel throws out a flaming advertisement against the sky. What could be more appropriate?

It is hardly a surprise, after this, to find that the pictures in the gallery are chosen at haphazard. A faint effort seems to have been made to follow some sort of historical sequence, but with most indifferent success. Here you come upon a Turner, and there upon a few water-colors by Cotman, as a reminder of the artists who were at work when the Queen came to the throne. Here a few etchings by Mr. Whistler, a few prints by Turner's engravers, a few drawings by Charles Keene, or for Dalziel's Bible, serve as scanty proofs of the wonderful development in the art of black-and-white during the Victorian era. But the rest of the collection consists chiefly of many and awful portraits of the Queen, who, whatever her virtues, cannot count love or patronage of art among them; and of perhaps the most trivial and mediocre canvases which the modern Academician has ever hung upon the walls of Burlington House. Never elsewhere has the failure of the Academy to preserve a high standard or respect its own great traditions been more pitifully exposed.

And now, to realize the tremendous interest that might have been given to these two exhibitions, consider for a moment what the history of Victorian art has been. The very word, I know, suggests all the abomination of sham marble and horse-hair in house decoration, of the crinoline and chignon in costume, of anecdote and sentiment in painting. But these things mark a Victorian interval, not the whole Victorian period, and the revolt against them, affected as its main manifestation was thought at the time, has proved the healthiest movement in art of the second half of the century. It is true that, in 1837, the outlook was depressing enough. The days of the great portrait-painters, the direct descendants (it might be said) of Van Dyck and Rubens, were over; Sir Thomas Lawrence, the last, had died in 1830. The men who had brought landscape painting to a perfection never before dreamed of, men who, with Hogarth, were the most original painters England had yet produced, were disappearing one by one; Bonington and Crome had been already dead for a decade or more; Constable's career came to an end the very year that the Queen's began; Cotman was to follow in 1842; and Turner alone was to survive long enough to take his place for us among Victorian artists. But he was ever a man apart, no favorite with his contemporaries, no influence with the younger generation. Were I writing at greater length, I might add a few other names—Müller, Barker, David Roberts, Linnell. But the painters, in 1837, already or fast coming into evidence, fast winning popularity, were Mulready and Maclise and Wilkie and Etty and Landseer and Egg and Eastlake and Leslie. These were the heroes in the Academy and the studios, the painters approved by royalty and by that nobility which, as poor Haydon's pathetic memoirs and correspondence show, was still expected to play the munificent patron of art. Among them were a few not lacking in painter-like qualities. Etty had a good feeling for color. A suggestion of something like style gleams through the bituminous depths of an occasional canvas by Wilkie. Even Landseer, when he was content to sketch and willing to forswear sentiment, could paint for you a canvas not without merit. But there is no space here to enter into a critical study of schools and standards in the opening years of Victoria's reign. The prevailing degeneracy is realized at a glance when, in the National Gallery, you leave the rooms filled with Hogarths, Sir Joshuas, and Gainsboroughs—rooms still sacred to fine conventions—for those crowded with the little trivial anecdotes and trashy popular sentiment of the early Victorians.

As for sculpture, it is useless to speak of it, since hitherto there have been no sculptors in England, if I except Flaxman and Chantrey, and neither is to be ranked with the artists who were their successors. Some of the masters of water-color—Turner, Cotman, David Cox, Cattermole—were still at work, but this essentially British art was already stooping to the tedious detail and sentimentalities of William Hunt and his kind. Black-and-white, on the other hand, had not degenerated, chiefly because the influence of Bewick was only beginning to make itself felt, and the importance of Senefelder's invention only beginning, one might say, to be realized. The illustration of books was in the transition stage; Turner, Stanfield, David Roberts, and the others still working for the steel engraver. But Prout, Cattermole, Lane, Harding, Lewis were only now bringing the new art of lithography to a perfection unrivalled elsewhere, save in France, where the great lithographers had already published their best prints.

On the whole, however, it must be admitted that I am right in saying that the outlook was depressing. It was the all but universal lowering of standards, the vulgarizing of art, with full Academical authority, that was the most discouraging feature of the time, as we look back to it. The story of the sudden rise of Pre-Raphaelitism from the slough of commonplace seems all the more wonderful in its romance when one appreciates the full measure of this commonplaceness. I have no intention of repeating the story here—it has been repeated often enough quite recently; nor do I propose to discuss the creed of the Brotherhood. What is important in this very rapid sketch is to point out the part the Pre-Raphaelites played in the revolt against Victorian vulgarity. For theirs was a revolt as truly as the Romantic movement, some twenty years earlier, had been in France. Ruskin, the prophet, Madox Brown, the master, and Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, the brave crusaders, threw down the gauntlet no less boldly, no less uncompromisingly, than the young men of the *Cénacle* when they rallied around the red waistcoat of Gautier on that famous night at the Théâtre-Français. But reaction was in the air. The evil had gone too far not to be righted. The Pre-Raphaelites were the most conspicuous rebels simply because, by banding themselves together, they gained the strength of numbers. Mr. Watts, in his way, was proclaiming his belief in the Gospel of Individuality in preference to old outworn Academical dogma. Not so many years later, Mr. Whistler was producing the plates which were to make the England of the nineteenth century as classic ground for the etcher as the Holland of the seventeenth, and the pictures which, disdained and ridiculed then by critics and public, are now finding places in the world's national and municipal museums. Because he happened to live and work in England, Mr. Whistler, the American, has been the most distinguished figure, the strongest influence, in the art of the Victorian period. Pre-Raphaelitism, naturally, is fast dying out, but his power over the younger generation makes itself more and more felt with every day.

In other directions, too, the rebellion, the reaction found full expression. The art of sculpture for the first time in England had a great artist—Alfred Stevens—for its interpreter. House decoration was being modified, improved, almost revolutionized, thanks to the initiative taken by the Pre-Raphaelite firm of Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co. By 1860 illustration had reached a perfection that, the chances are, will not be for many years surpassed. Whistler, again, the Pre-Raphaelites, Keene, Leighton, Walker, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton—these were a few of the men working for the wood-engraver. Altogether the second period of the Victorian era was as promising as the first had been discouraging.

The stimulus then given has had its effect in the work of the last thirty years. Some might think the conditions had changed but little. The Academy—the official representative of art—raises no higher standard in 1897 than it did in 1837. At the National Gallery to-day, as years ago when it was first exhibited at Burlington House, Mr. Frith's "Derby Day" is the picture that holds the crowd. But the change can be seen now in the work of individual men—of Fred. Walker, of Cecil Lawson, of Boyd Houghton, who died all too soon for their own fame; now in the aims and objects of new artistic organizations—the new English Art Club, the Glasgow school. There has been, I do not deny, too much talk of art, too determined an attempt to manufacture the artist. For one Ruskin, a score of cheap and ready writers, calling themselves critics, make no fair exchange. The multiplication of schools is fast sowing the seeds of new evils. Affectations flourish, increase of knowledge weighs like a burden upon the conscientious, self-conscious craftsman of the day. And for all the agitation, for all the talk, for all the study, the artist, the genius, is as rare as he ever was. But, on the whole, conditions are healthier than when the Eggs and the Landseers and the Eastlakes were accepted as masters. Then the English artist had forgotten what art means; now, at least, he understands. You can see it in his portraits, in which—though he may not always succeed—he endeavors to give you something more than a stupid likeness; in his landscapes, for, at last, he respects the teaching and example of Bonington and Constable, which long bore fruit only in the studios of Paris. For this improvement, to be sure, you need not look to the Academy, forced to open its doors to distinguished foreigners like Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey, forced to recognize

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sculptors of the eminence of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Ford. The Academy has never yet, until it could not help itself, extended its approbation or sympathy to the genuine movements, the vigorous pronouncements of the younger men. To its shame be it said, it has remained at a standstill, while the art of England has progressed. And since you cannot find the record of this progress within the Academy, it is the more to be regretted that the special exhibitions of Victorian art should prove no less unsuccessful. The record, rightly made, is one full of romance and interest and hope.

N. N.

A WOMAN STUDENT'S EXPERIENCE IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

SCHLIERSEE, June 9, 1897.

Several years ago, just before my graduation from a small Western university, I was seized with a desire to make my doctor's degree in Germany. The advice of one of my professors, however, turned the scale in favor of at least one more year in America, and I accordingly went to a large Eastern university. Here I spent two years, made my doctor's examination, and, with a partially written dissertation whose completion required some research in the libraries of Germany, I sailed for Europe. During the past year my dissertation has been completed, so that my degree is conferred upon me this spring *in absentia*, and at the same time I have had the advantage of two semesters' study in the universities of Leipzig and Munich. For the benefit of woman students who may be meditating a similar course of study abroad, I relate some of the experiences of the past year.

From the articles which I had read from time to time in the *Nation*, as also in other periodicals, I judged that only persistent effort could secure an entrance into one of the universities less frequented by women. Knowing, however, the common report that a degree in Göttingen or Heidelberg is cheaper than in a first-rate American institution, I resolved rather to try one of the larger universities, which possessed an added charm for me in the shape of a most distinguished scholar in my own specialty. I came accordingly to Leipzig, where ladies are officially forbidden, sent my letter of introduction to the celebrated man at the head of the department in which I wished to study, and begged for an interview. A cordial note, inviting me to his office the next morning, came in reply.

I was received at the appointed time with great cordiality. After a brief conversation on neutral topics, I asked if I might hear his lectures. He answered smilingly in the affirmative. Emboldened by this, I begged permission to attend the Pro-seminar, which the German students likewise enter only by special permission. This was also granted. I had not ventured to apply for entrance to the Seminar, in which the most advanced work is done, but the professor introduced the subject himself. He said:

"I do not know whether you wish to enter the Seminar or not. You know that the manners of the students are rather informal in these meetings, and, if they chose, they could make it unpleasant for you. I will not myself take the responsibility of giving you permission to enter, but I will ask every member individually if he is willing that you should enter, and if all agree, then that is in a measure a pledge for their good behavior toward you."

I thanked him, and in a few days received word that the members were willing that I should enter. It was the first time that his Seminar had ever been visited by a lady. The manners were not those of a drawing-room, but never was there anything at which I could take offence.

But this was not all which the genial-hearted man did for me. There is a series of rooms in the university containing all reference-books for my especial subject, where the advanced students had each a seat and a drawer at the table, as well as a key for entrance. This institute, as it is called, the professor proposed without solicitation to open to me, a lady, for the first time in the history of the department. Here I studied the winter through, with all the books at my hand which I could wish, and which it would otherwise have cost me untold trouble and delay to procure. He also made it possible for me to draw books from the university and city libraries. In fact, his courtesy extended so far that he came under official displeasure. He was compelled to defend himself in the faculty meeting against the charge of undue partiality toward lady-students, and the institute was visited by a minister from the capital in order to see if it were true that ladies were studying in the institute. The minister came, fortunately, on Sunday, when I was absent. For three days I was in mortal terror of being driven out of my Eden, but then the storm passed, and I was peacefully allowed to continue. The trouble all came from an ill-advised article published in a semi-official organ. At Christmas three other ladies were also allowed to enter the institute; I remained, however, the only member of the Seminar.

All the other professors whom I heard were equally cordial, as far as I had any need to call upon them. For one course I was the only applicant, and yet the course was cheerfully given for me alone. One member of the teaching-body whom I grew to know quite well expressed himself frankly to me in regard to woman students:

"The first ones who came here were Russians," he said, "and they led such irregular lives that they have done inestimable damage to the cause of the woman student. The chief objection I have to urge against women now is that they are usually ill-prepared to do the work, and that they are irregular in attendance. No degree has ever been granted a woman here, but if one should present a good dissertation, she would undoubtedly be allowed to come up for her examination. They take dissertations which we would not accept to smaller universities and make their examination there."

I am ready to endorse everything in the above statement. Every girl who comes to the university out of mere curiosity injures the real woman student just so much. The other point which he emphasized, that they are often ill-prepared, is also true. It seems to me an advantage for every American student, man or woman, to make his doctor's examination in America. It is true that a doctor's degree from here is apt to weigh more in the eyes of the world than one from America; but from what I know of the work of students here, I judge that the requirements in a first-class American university are decidedly more stringent than here. When one knows exactly what he wants to study, and has his doctor's examination behind him, so that he is hampered by no required work in preparation for a degree, nothing can be more inspiring than the intercourse here with cultured men and the uninterrupted leisure for work in one's own field.

So much for Leipzig. At Christmas I made a flying trip to Munich to get help on some knotty points in my thesis, if possible, and here I took occasion to present a letter of introduction to one of the professors. He received me most kindly, gave me readily and largely of his time, hospitably opened his own home to me, and introduced me to every one who could possibly be of assistance to me. Before I left, he suggested that if I should care to study in Munich he would be pleased to assist me in entering. Early in the spring I wrote him begging his advice. He sent me an explicit reply, giving me all necessary directions as to how to address myself to the University, even suggesting that I use Latin script instead of German in my application, since I wrote Latin with a firmer hand! Had he not written so explicitly I confess that I should probably have made a botch of the whole matter. On my arrival I found myself the only lady student in the university, but there was nothing unpleasant in my position. The professors were evidently more afraid for me than I for myself. When I came into the room for my first lecture I was met by two students whom my principal professor had introduced to me at his own home, and found a seat reserved for me between them. At first one or the other of the professors quietly escorted me through the crowded halls after a lecture, but for the most part the students whom I met through the kindly interest of my professor formed my body-guard. Such precautions were, however, entirely unnecessary, for the German student is always courteous to an American or English girl. Through this same professor I received permission to study in the university library in the room devoted to the professors, so that I had all the advantages, as far as consulting and using books is concerned, of the professors themselves. The other professors were also as courteous as possible. In no case did I have to ask permission to take part in a Seminar, for, after a few questions as to my previous work, the permission was freely proffered to me. In two cases I gratefully accepted it.

As a significant evidence of the most distinguished courtesy with which I have been treated I offer the following: In one of the courses which I attend we are studying "King Lear," naturally, as the German method is, in an unexpurgated edition. In every case where a perilous passage was to be read I have been duly warned, and have quietly absented myself from the exercise. In Munich, as in Leipzig, no degree has ever been conferred upon a woman, but I am told that a good dissertation would undoubtedly be accepted here.

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of my experience in German universities. If it shall incite any really earnest and mature woman student, who comes not to flirt and not merely to learn the language, to visit the larger German institutions, the good wishes of the writer go with her. She will assuredly be met more than half-way by every German professor.

ANNA MAUDE BOWEN.

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THE SCHOOLS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AT ATHENS.—I.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY.*

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the French School of Archæology at Athens was to have been celebrated in April, 1897, with great pomp and circumstance. Arrangements had been made for the holding of an Archæological Congress to which the archæologists of the entire world were invited. The meetings of the congress were to extend over three days, during which the ways and means of promoting the interests of the science of classical archæology in the field and in the library were to be discussed by the most distinguished specialists. The invited guests and the Athenian world were to be entertained by the production of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" in the theatre of Dionysos, on the ground where it was first listened to by immortal men in those mighty days of Greece's distant past. The actors of the celebrated Théâtre Français, with Mounet-Sully in the rôle of *Oedipus*, were to be imported to Athens for the occasion, and those of us who were so fortunate as to be living in Athens this year were looking forward with eagerness to this unique festival as the soul's opportunity of a lifetime. But our hopes have been blasted, for the war troubles intervened, and the celebration of the festival has been postponed until next September, when, it is assumed, the war will be over. But who is Teiresias enough to see so far into the future through the fog and din of battle?

Perhaps few Americans have even heard of the French School at Athens, and fewer still have any conception of the great services which it has rendered to the science of archæology, to our knowledge of the history of the past, to belles-lettres and literature in general, and to the renaissance and development of Greek studies in France. And when I say France I mean the world; not that France is the world, but because the benefits arising from an epoch-making idea are never confined to the immediate country in which the idea was conceived. A great idea is never long-time endemic; it is so contagious, indeed, that in brief space the whole world is contaminated thereby for the good of mankind. The French have led the way at Athens, and other nations, awakened tardily to a sense of the far-reaching educational importance of the step, have gradually followed the guidance of France, until now we have four schools—French, German, American, and English—in successful operation at Athens. Besides this, Austria has a preliminary school at Athens—Archæological Mission it is called—and Italy, Belgium, and even Greece herself are endeavoring to follow suit.

On August 25, 1846, Sainte-Beuve wrote in the *Journal des Débats* of Salvandy's project of establishing a regular connection between the University of France and the recently born kingdom of Greece. On September 11, 1846, Louis-Philippe signed and Salvandy countersigned an order establishing at Athens "une école française de perfectionnement pour l'étude de la langue, de l'histoire et des antiquités grecques." Only graduates of the Normal School were to be admitted to membership in the School at Athens, where they were to pass at least two years. Upon their return to France the young men were allowed to give free public courses along the lines of their studies while on Greek soil. But in 1850 the School was thrown open to graduates of other schools, though in the main the students have come from the Normal School. The School was formally opened in 1847 with seven students in attendance. Daveluy, the first director, held the post for twenty years. In 1867 he was succeeded by Burnouf, who was followed by Dumont in 1874; in 1878 Foucart became the Director, to be succeeded in 1890 by Homolle, the present distinguished and efficient director.

The document creating the School at Athens gave no instructions with reference to its organization and equipment, nor was anything said about the work to be done by the members of the School. As yet it was but an embryo. The School as it exists to-day is the result of a gradual growth, and resembles but slightly the institution as planned by Salvandy, Sainte-Beuve, and their associates. They builded well, though they had in mind chiefly the pursuit of philological studies; their chief object was to make it possible for chosen young men of France to make a profound study of the Greek language in all its phases, both ancient and modern, for at that time the science of archæology was in its infancy and did not occupy the proud position which it does to-day among the peoples of two hemispheres. It does not surprise us, then, to know that at the outset a professorship of modern Greek was established and maintained for years, and in order to compel mastery and fluency in modern Greek, the students of the School gave courses in Latin and French, using modern Greek as the language of instruction. These courses in modern Greek, Latin, and French were continued for nearly thirty years, being abandoned only in the reorganization of the School in 1874.

At first neither director nor students had any adequate conception of the proper work to which to devote their energies, for since no similar institution existed anywhere, only time and experience could clear away the clouds of perplexity, reveal the School's proper field of action, and define the lines along which the institution was to achieve success and fame. Salvandy, indeed, created the School, but it was Parieu, in his capacity of minister, who gave it its first serious organization, for in 1850 he required the students to send home each year for publication a paper on some archæological, philological, or historical question, and above all he placed the School under the direction of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres. The Academy accepted the responsibility, and appointed from its members Raoul-Rochette, Hase, Lebas, Ch. Lenormant, Guigniaut, and Guizot to reorganize the School and to determine the lines along which it was to be conducted in the future. This committee proposed a plan of studies that were to cover two years. The first year was preparatory, in that it was devoted to the study of modern Greek, of the topography of Athens, of archæology, and to the reading of the ancient geographers and historians. The study of modern Greek was strongly insisted upon; special attention was to be devoted to provincial and local dialects, to the nomenclature of things belonging to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, to the names of objects of industry, and to names of places; the study of the Albanian language was to be pursued, occasion for such study being offered by the numerous Albanian settlements throughout the kingdom of Greece. The second year was to be devoted to special investigations in the realms of history, literature, mythology, archæology, or topography. In case the students were appointed for a third year in Greece they were required to conduct special explorations. But while the Academy thus mapped out a course of study for the students, the course was not an obligatory regulation, but was intended rather as expert advice, and the students were exempted from pursuing it in case they had already fixed upon a plan of work more in accordance with their special gifts and attainments. The greatest latitude was thus given for the development of individual genius. The committee suggested for the first labors of the School the exploration of the islands of Patmos and Eubœa, a study of the Acropolis of Athens, and one on the myth of Trophonius.

In 1850 Napoleon, Prince-President, signed a degree giving the School the organization suggested by the committee of the Academy, and requiring that appointments to membership in the School be made only after the candidates had shown themselves able to stand a special examination which, it would seem, had precious little to do with archæology. Up to this time the School had been supported from the resources of the Missions Scientifiques, but from 1851 onwards it has occupied a regular place in the budget of France. In 1852 the excavation by Beulé—one of the earliest graduates of the School—of the gateway leading to the Acropolis attracted the attention of the world, and rightly too, for, in spite of Beulé's errors, the excavations marked an epoch in the history of archæology, and gave a deserved and lasting reputation to the French School.

In 1859 the School was reorganized again, at least in so far that it was divided into three sections: that of letters, that of the sciences, and that of the fine arts. The scientific section was to devote itself to a study of the natural resources of Greece. In this reorganization the students were required to spend three months in Italy before proceeding to Greece—a regulation intended to serve as an introduction to the great world of antiquity and its treasures of art. This regulation continued in force until 1873, when the period of sojourn in Italy was changed from three months to one whole year. In 1873, also, a school of archæology, preparatory to the School at Athens, was organized in Rome; this was the forerunner of the present French School at Rome, which was established in 1875. As time went on, the committee of the Academy took note of various defects and of possible improvements in the working of the school at Athens, and in 1874 M. de Cumont, then Minister, ordered a complete reorganization, which has proved satisfactory under the test of experience, for it continues in full force to this day. As before, the School was placed under the direction of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, which appointed from its membership a committee empowered to report annually on the work done by the students, to note the progress made, to suggest im-

*I am indebted to the pamphlet "L'Ecole Française d'Athènes," by Adolf de Ceuleneer, Ghent, 1880, for most of the facts contained in this article.

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provements, and to fix upon the work of investigation or exploration to be undertaken by members of the School. In this reorganization the director was required to make frequent reports to the Academy; so frequent, indeed, that, at the weekly meetings of the Academy, a report from either the Athenian or Roman director is read, perhaps from both. In these reports the most recent discoveries in the various fields of archæology are announced in rough outline. The director is appointed by the President of France, to whom the Academy and the Ministry of Public Instruction present each a list of names, from which choice must be made. The director's term of office is for six years, but he may be reappointed, as has just happened in the case of M. Homolle. He directs the work of the students, and, because of his local knowledge, gives them all kinds of suggestions as to the ways and means of pursuing their work in such a manner as to lose the least possible time in floundering helplessly and aimlessly.

The work done in the School is similar in method to that done in the Seminar of a German university, although in quality and value it is greatly superior to that of the German Seminar. The candidates for membership in the School must be under thirty years of age, they must be holders of diplomas of Docteur ès lettres or Agrégé de lettres, and they must stand successfully an examination set by a committee of seven appointed by the Minister of Instruction. This examination includes ancient and modern Greek, the elements of epigraphy, palæography, and archæology, and the history and geography of ancient Greece and Italy. Singularly enough, philology and Greek antiquities are excluded from this examination. On the basis of the report of the committee of seven, the Minister annually appoints six members to the School. The successful candidates are required to spend one year in Italy and two in Greece. During the entire three years they are allowed but one leave of absence, of two months, a brief period which may be spent in France or outside of Greek lands. The students receive a salary of 3,600 francs, or $720 a year; besides this, their travelling expenses are paid both ways, as well as all expenses incurred on journeys undertaken in behalf of the School in Greece, Asia Minor, or the Islands. They are lodged free of all expense in the School building, but have to pay the expenses of their own cuisine. Each student chooses the line of work for which he conceives himself best equipped, whether epigraphy, general archæology, or the dialects of modern Greek.

Until 1872 the French Government rented for the use of the School the large building which has since become well known to all travellers as the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne. In this year began the construction of the School's own palace on ground given by the Greek Government. This building consists of two separate houses connected by the library, which not only is stocked with everything that relates to classical archæology and history, but also includes much that belongs in the domain of pure literature. This is a wise measure, and goes far to prevent too much development along the lines approved by the fiddler-crab. Strangers approved by the Director have access to the library. For a portion of the winter, fortnightly meetings are held in the library for the reading of papers by the Director and members of the School. These meetings were private until the advent of M. Homolle as Director, when they were thrown open to the public. The students must remain in Athens or its vicinity during the winter, engaged in working up for publication the results of former undertakings, or else in preparing themselves for the work of the coming summer, when expeditions of exploration in Greece and Asia Minor are made by the students in groups of two each, on the principle that two pair of eyes are better than one. These expeditions have been most fruitful of results, as the many monographs of the School and the numerous articles in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* will show conclusively even to the layman, although, as might be expected from inexperienced travellers, some of the work done has not been well done. After completing his third year—that is, his second year in Athens—a student may be and often is intrusted with the conduct of excavations; in that case, however, he is, strictly speaking, no longer a student of the School, but a *chargé d'une mission scientifique*. This was the status of Beulé when he excavated the gateway of the Acropolis, of Homolle at the excavations of Delos, of Reinach and Pottier at Myrina. Or again, after the completion of their third year the students may be intrusted with important archæological missions, such as that of Heuzey in Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus, or that of Perrot in Galatia and Bithynia. All these men first gained a name and lasting fame in this way.

Sometimes, too, wealthy men empower the graduates of the School to conduct important excavations, such as those of Miletus by Rayet and Thomas, for which the Rothschilds furnished the money. In the present organization of the School the courses that were so much insisted upon during the first decade of the existence of the institution are conspicuously absent. No courses are given, notwithstanding the fact that courses, for instance, in epigraphy and archaic art in the presence of the monuments themselves might be fruitful of results. But there is danger of robbing the student of his time, and experience has proved that compulsory courses for men who have found themselves and their work are deterrent and distracting rather than advantageous. The papers read at the fortnightly meetings were published during the year 1876 (when these meetings were established by Dumont) in the *Revue Archéologique*, but already in 1877 the School found it necessary to establish its own special periodical, the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*, which has been published regularly ever since. The *Bulletin* has long been indispensable to every archæologist, and grows more important with each year.

The influence of the School upon Greek studies in France and in the world has been tremendous. Surely we might expect such a result when we know that the School has trained such men as Benoît, Bertrand, About, Lacroix, Beulé, Burnouf, Lévêque, Girard, Henriot, Mézières, Guerin, De la Coulniche, Fustel de Coulanges, Foucart, Wescher, Barbier, Heuzey, Perrot, Boutan, Bazin, Terrier, Deville, Dumont, Rayet, Pottier, Martha, Dubois, Beaudouin, Riemann, Collignon, Haussonville, Haussoullier, Homolle, Holleaux, Paris, Duchesne, Radet, Reinach, Clerc, Cousin, Diehl, Durrbach, Hauvette-Besnault, and many others of almost equal name and fame. To enumerate the multitude of scientific works by former members of the School would lead us too far a-field, but suffice it to say that the whole world rings with their deeds—deeds that would never have been accomplished but for the School at Athens. Upon their return to France all the students occupy exalted positions, whether as professors in universities and colleges, as directors of museums, or otherwise in connection with the educational system of their country.

The excavations of Grecian sites undertaken by the School have been of first-rate importance. I have already mentioned those of Beulé as epoch-making, but other excavations have been of far greater scientific importance, such as Delos, Delphi, the temple of Apollo Ptoïos near Akraephiæ, Samos, Myrina, the sanctuary of the Muses at the foot of Mt. Helicon, Miletus, Mantinea, Tegea, Troezen, Amorgos, Elatea, Lagina, Thespiæ, and other places. At present the School is still engaged in the excavation of Delphi, where the finds have been of monumental importance, and have stirred profoundly the entire civilized world.

J. R. S. Sterrett.

Correspondence.

PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dryden wrote of Ben Jonson, the splendid plagiarist,

"But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead became his gold."

A striking illustration of this has never been pointed out, so far as I know. Johnson's noble and in parts beautiful "Ode to the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison," is based on one of Seneca's Letters (the 93d); but the nobleness and the beauty are Jonson's own. Nowhere is his power of transmutation better manifested.

It is worth while to read the poetry and prose one after the other:

"For what is life if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-lived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years;
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends;
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good."

"Quid illum octoginta anni juvant per inertiam exacti? Non vixit iste, sed in vita moratus est; nec sero mortuus est, sed diu. Octoginta annis vixit! Interest, mortem ejus ex quo die numeres."

"Alas! but Morison fell young:
He never fell—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier till the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most a virtuous son,
All offices were done
By him so ample, full and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound.
As though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere."

"At ille obiit viridis! Sed officia boni civis, boni amici, boni filii exsecutus est; in nulla parte cessavit. Licet ejus ætas imperfecta sit, vita perfecta est."

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere."

"Octoginta annis vixit! Imo octoginta

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annis fuit! nisi forte sic vixisse eum dicis, quomodo dicuntur arbores vivere."

But now comes the "Elizabethan" touch, a conception, a loveliness of phrase, infinitely remote from any Roman thought:

"A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of light."

Those lines could have come only from the exquisite poet that Jonson was when he wrote, elsewhere:

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?"

In the last lines of this verse of the ode Jonson recurs to the ancient note:

"In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

"Quemadmodum in minore corporis habitu potest homo esse perfectus, sic et in minore temporis modo potest vita esse perfecta."

It may be observed that these *suggested* verses are by far the finest in the Ode—here, as constantly, it was "buried men's thinking" that gave vigor to Ben Jonson's mind; yet none the less Mr. Lowell was in the right when he said "that a thought's his who kindles new youth in it or so puts it as to make it more true"; adding:

"And we men through our bit of old song run,
Until one just improves on the rest,
And we call a thing his, in the long run,
Who utters it clearest and best."

G. N.

"I DON'T THINK."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A number of my students, I find, are under the impression that "I don't think," in such sentences as "I don't think so," "I don't think that is true," is not very good English. Asked what is wrong with the expression, they reply, in one unvarying formula: "If I *do* think, I mustn't say I *don't* think." I am at a loss to account for this prejudice against a harmless, necessary idiom. Possibly some of their teachers have confused the proper use with the slang use, as in "He will get there, I don't think" (sometimes abbreviated to "I d. t."), or with the ungrammatical use, as in "He isn't handsome, I don't think." Will not "F. H." kindly open his portfolio and tell us the names of the notabilities and obscurities who, since the Norman Conquest, have written "I don't think"?

"Shakespeare was of us,"

for in "Much Ado about Nothing" he made *Benedick* say, "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married." Did *Benedick* mean that he ceased to think?

I will add that in *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vii., vol. 6, p. 131, a writer who calls himself "Hermentrude," says that the sentence, "This plant will grow, don't you think?" should be corrected to read, "Don't you think this plant will grow?"

Another prejudice, as yet unexplained, psychologically, is that directed against the expression "at all," in such sentences as "I perceived nothing at all." To any one who is interested in such matters I shall be glad to send a circular of inquiry containing the questions I want answered with reference to these expressions. F. N. Scott.

University of Michigan, June 21, 1897.

[Dr. Fitzedward Hall has already said the last word about *at all* in No. 1497 of the *Nation* (Vol. 58, p. 175).—Ed. Nation.]

BY AND LARGE.

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: Observing the discussion of *by*, in notes of "F. H." and others, I was hoping to learn the origin of *by and large*, equivalent to the commoner phrase, *on the whole*, as if viewing a matter near (*i. e.*, *by*) and at a distance (large) or widely. Living where I hear many dialects, I have heard this perhaps for forty years, but never from a man of Southern speech. Bartlett ('Dict. Americanisms') gives two examples, undated, both Northern. I first noticed it in print about 1865, in *Hearth and Home*, ii., 164. It has a Northumbrian or Scotch sound. Jamieson gives *Far-hie-an-atour*, from Aberdeenshire, as meaning at a considerable distance; this phrase one may match with an unusual expression in the *Nation*, No. 1654, p. 188, col. 3, "Prof. Powell . . . is *far and away* the principal Icelandic scholar in England." Is that Scotch? Samuel Willard.

Chicago, June 24, 1897.

[The Oxford Dictionary takes notice of both these expressions, but of the first only in its (presumably) original sense of sailing to and off the wind (1627). "Far (and) away" it regards as a mere intensive of *far;* but the only citation is late (1883).—Ed. Nation.]

GERMANS IN THE TURKISH ARMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with much interest the letter from Paris on "The German Emperor and the Porte," in the *Nation* of June 24. It seems to me to furnish the key to the situation. In the late unfortunate war between Greece and Turkey, Germany has played no unimportant part. German officers have been sent to Constantinople to instruct the Turks in the most approved methods of modern warfare. Baron von Brockdorff (or Brockdorff Pasha, as he is now styled) is at the head of the Turkish cavalry. He is a nephew of the late Count von Moltke, and did good service in the Franco-Prussian war, having received the decoration of the Iron Cross. A few years ago he was in this country, occupying the position of Professor of Modern Languages in the Maryland Agricultural College. I was intimately associated with him for about four years, and know him to be a brave man.

Respectfully yours, Wm. D. Morgan.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 26, 1897.

Notes.

Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles, himself a promising verse-writer, has compiled and edited for L. C. Page & Co., Boston, a 'Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics,' to be published in the autumn. Free access has been obtained to the entire range.

Two volumes of 'Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperian Drama,' by Prof. John Matthews Manly of Brown University, are in preparation by Ginn & Co.

Townsend MacCoun, No. 126 Fifth Avenue, New York, promises in September 'The Holy Land in Geography and in History,' with 154 full-page maps and charts, in two 16mo volumes.

In the course of the present year, *Bradstreet's* will bring out a 'Cyclopædia of Fraternities,' Masonic and other, by Albert C. Stevens.

Bonnell, Silver & Co. will soon issue 'Across the Country of the Little King: A Trip through Spain,' by William Bement Lent, and 'The Sacrifice of a Throne,' being an account of the life of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, by H. Remsen Whitehouse.

William Briggs, Toronto, has just ready 'Louisbourg in 1745,' being a letter of a French inhabitant of that stronghold written during the siege. It is edited and translated by Prof. George M. Wrong of the University of Toronto. Parkman has used the document.

As was inevitable, Gen. Horace Porter's articles in the *Century* on "Campaigning with Grant" are the forerunner of a subscription book to appear in the autumn.

The serial entitled "The Workers," "an experiment in reality" (or, more lucidly, in studying the working classes by earning one's living as one of them), by Walter A. Wyckoff, which begins in the August *Scribner's*, is designed for ultimate publication in book form as a contribution to sociology.

We understand that an American imprint is likely to be secured for G. E. Weare's 'Cabot's Discovery of America,' just published in London by John Macqueen, with numerous maps and interesting illustrations.

The Appalachian Mountain Club was well advised in selecting Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, author of the standard 'Dictionary of Boston,' to prepare 'Walks and Drives in the Country Round About Boston' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This is a compact little volume, not too large for the side-pocket of a coat, with small print, yet very legible and attractive, interspersed with cuts (or, more properly, pen sketches), and equipped with four detached folding-maps of Boston and its environments on the N. E., N. W., S. E., and S. W. These maps are based on the State and United States Geologic Survey contour maps, on a scale of nearly a mile to an inch. The territory embraced by Mr. Bacon is substantially the metropolitan district, or the so-called Boston basin. His tours begin in the northeast and swing round against the hands of the watch, and stretch a point to take in Lexington and Concord, thence passing on to the shore at Quincy. Mr. Bacon's discourse is as agreeable as it is literate and knowing, and his guide-book is just the companion which the growing park system of Boston called for. There is a good index.

Lemcke & Buechner send us the second edition of the indefatigable Joseph Kürschner's 'Staats-, Hof- und Kommunal-Handbuch des Reichs und der Eingelstaaten,' with eighteen portraits of dignitaries, half of them Bürgermeister. The Handbook opens with a monthly chronicle of events of 1896, followed by a list of memorable days in 1897; and then we have the orderly exposition of the Empire, its princely rulers, the federal States, the diplomatic body, the fighting land power and sea power, judiciary, railroads, post-offices and telegraphs, public instruction, finances, trade, etc., and a statistical annual, winding up with a brief view of the principal non-German countries the world over. It is needless to say that

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this compilation is a valuable supplement to all other existing manuals in the same field. In the matter of official personnel it is astonishingly full. The various sections are conspicuously divided off by red leaves. Delay has ensued from an endeavor to make the utmost possible use of the last census, which, it appears, is far from being wholly available.

Two editions of the Greater New York Charter have been published, one by Baker, Voorhis & Co. of this city, the other by the Weed-Parsons Printing Company of Albany. The latter is annotated by Mr. Mark Ash, whose work on the old Consolidation Act was, no doubt, the reason for his selection as the editor of this volume of 1,251 pages. His notes indicate the original statutes from which so much of the present charter is taken, and refer to judicial decisions, besides giving in a variety of appendices a quantity of other correlated information. Both volumes contain the colonial charters. Baker, Voorhis & Co.'s volume is annotated by Mr. C. F. Birdseye, well known as a competent workman in this field. It contains 887 pages; as the page in this volume contains a much larger number of words than that in Mr. Ash's, it is very difficult to compare the bulk of the annotations. There is no table of cases in either.

Helps to the study of Greek pottery multiply apace. Now that the catalogue of the British Museum vases is three-fourths completed, the treasures of the Louvre collection are beginning to be adequately published. Thanks to subventions from the French Ministry of Public Instruction and the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, M. E. Pottier is able to supplement his recently published small catalogue of the ancient vases of the Louvre by a sumptuous album, of which the first part is now before us ('Vases Antiques du Louvre,' Hachette & Cie.). Two additional parts are to follow. This first instalment is devoted to the early Greek and Italian vases down to about the sixth century B. C. The work is somewhat novel in character. In the first place, it is more liberally illustrated than any other museum-catalogue of vases that we have yet seen, upwards of three hundred vases being here reproduced, most of them by the half-tone process, and all, we believe, for the first time. In the second place, the text is not a complete catalogue of the collection in the Louvre, but is limited to those specimens which have been published either in the accompanying plates or elsewhere. This is doubtless a wise restriction, at least for those who are to use the book away from Paris. It hardly needs to be said that this admirable work will be of inestimable value to the student of early Greek ceramics. We shall await with eager interest the appearance of the next part, which will deal with the most beautiful and most interesting products of the Greek potter's art.

The Fourteenth Annual Report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology (for 1892-'93) is largely devoted to Mr. James Mooney's monograph of the Ghost Dance Religion, separately bound as a royal octavo volume. The ostensible date of 1896 on the title-page is wrong, as so frequently is the case with Government publications, the work having first appeared in May or June of 1897. It is mainly devoted to the Sioux outbreak of 1890, and is particularly full on the affair of Wounded Knee of December 15, when the notorious Sitting Bull was killed. The religious excitement of that year had far-reaching consequences, involving most of the area of the United States west of the Mississippi, cost many lives, and is still fresh in the public mind; but its full significance could hardly be grasped by one unfamiliar with Mr. Mooney's exhaustive studies of the event in all its bearings. We may not care much for the songs, rituals, and ceremonies which are here detailed at great length, not only in case of the Sioux, but also of the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, Caddoes, Paiutes, and other leading tribes, together with their tribal synonymy, signs, history, and other matters of ethnic interest, according to the liberally comprehensive method of the Bureau; but no one can fail to be struck with the importance of the general bearing of the subject, when Mr. Mooney draws his philosophical parallels with other systems of religious fanaticism. They are all of a part, in their main ingredients of priestcraft and superstition, with a strong spice of hypnotism. They are very real and true factors of human nature, presenting problems of the highest importance to students of rational psychology. The work is very fully and handsomely illustrated. Space is lacking to do more than mention Part I., issued about the same time, consisting mainly of Dr. W. J. Hoffman's monograph of the Menomini Indians, and of Mr. G. P. Winship's critical study of Coronado's expedition of 1540-'42, in the light of some new documentary evidence. The whole Report is, of course, indispensable to ethnologists.

"A Bibliography of the Higher Education of Women," compiled by a committee of collegiate alumnæ, is the latest publication of the Boston Public Library. It is a pamphlet of forty-two pages, including an author index, and contains a list of about fifteen hundred titles, some of which are annotated, arranged under eight different heads. These are: General and historical, higher education in relation to health, coeducation, professional and scientific education, post-graduate study, occupations and opportunities for college-bred women, colleges and universities wholly or partly open to women (with their publications on this subject), and societies for the education or advancement of women. The editor is Miss Mary H. Rollins, and most of the works are to be found in the Library.

The annual report of the same institution for 1896 shows a gratifying increase in its collections and in their use. The library contained on January 31, 1897, 663,763 volumes, of which 492,901 are in the central library, an increase of 33,468, the gifts being 9,467. The cost of the building thus far has been $2,279,373.72, and the annual appropriation by the city is $225,000, of which $25,000 only is for books. The efficient administration of the library, however, demands a much larger sum. The report of the examining committee closes with the pertinent suggestion that a change be wrought in that body so as "to make it a seriously useful help in the administration of the library." This might be accomplished by making it more permanent, a part only retiring each year, "in which case, perhaps, such a board should not be appointed by the trustees and directed to report to them."

Volume xxiv. of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan contains much rich material relating especially to the extremities of the empire. Basil Hall Chamberlain contributes a bibliography of Japanese and Chinese writings on the Luchu Islands, the Rev. John Batchelor a suggestive study of Ainu words which reveal the mind and feelings of these primitive men, and Mr. James W. Davidson reviews the history of Formosa and the life of Koxinga. Prof. E. W. Clement has an interesting paper on Chinese Refugees of the Seventeenth Century in Mito. The influence of Greco-Persian Art on Japanese Arts is discussed by the Rev. Isaac Dooman, in which he shows the great quickening of the native intellect and hand through Buddhism, the product of the Aryan mind. The Rev. Arthur Lloyd pictures life in an old native inn, and Prof. Garrett Droppers writes of Economic Theories in Old Japan. In the main, these papers show the great debt which Japan, in common with other nations of power and promise, owes to external influences. The Society is in a flourishing condition. Sir Ernest Satow is President, and Prof. E. W. Clement of Tokyo is Secretary.

Anent the higher education of young women in France, the Vicomtesse d'Adhémar writes, in a recent number of the *Revue de l'Institut Catholique* (quoted in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for May): "Christians who do not separate instruction from education, and, consequently, from those religious principles which give to instruction its true educative value, . . . cannot avail themselves of higher, university teaching. This is a very great misfortune; for all those noble elements of progress, instead of helping us, are used against us, and the position of Christian women, in matters of higher learning, is very critical, since the State alone can at present furnish to women that higher instruction which it has established as a custom, by which we cannot profit without betraying our principles, and which we must nevertheless seek lest we show a fatal inferiority." As a counterpoise to the growing influence of State lyceums and colleges for girls, the Catholic Institute has this year opened courses of six lectures each on philosophy, political economy, physical geography, literature, recent scientific discoveries, and several other subjects, and there is some prospect that Catholic institutions for the training of female teachers of a superior class for secondary schools may be founded.

That a contributor to a conservative review should criticise the management of educational affairs in France is natural enough. But it is less easy to understand why M. Maurice Talmeyr, in his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1, should find it necessary to insult a whole class of his countrywomen as respectable as the French schoolmistresses as a body unquestionably are. The anecdote of a dancing girl at the Jardin de Paris, waving her *brevet supérieur* at the end of her foot while pirouetting before a gazing multitude, seems to us an unfortunate illustration of an existing evil. It is the tone of the article we deprecate, not its tenor; if the crowded condition of a career is sure to bring disappointment to thousands of candidates, it is well that a warning voice should make itself heard.

The translation and abridgment of a story by another Polish woman which has lately appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the pen of Mme. Marguerite Poradowska, ought to have the effect of calling attention to two novels of her own which are of very unusual merit. One of them, 'Demoiselle Micia,' was crowned by the French Academy, and it is beyond doubt a masterpiece

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which richly deserved that distinction. It has the apparent slightness of structure of the things of Turgeneff, but it has also a more than ordinary share of his artistic perfection. To translate it would be a good deed.

Korea has now reached that happy state in which, for a while at least, she has no history—by telegram. Private letters and periodicals from Seoul tell of quiet progress. On May 1 Mr. H. B. Hulbert, late manager of the *Korean Repository*, after ten years' experience in the country as teacher, engaged himself for five years to the Government, to establish schools, prepare textbooks in the vernacular, and in other ways forward a national system of education. The *Repository*, edited by Messrs. Jones and Appenzeller, continues its monthly issue of scholarly historical, literary, and contemporary illustrations of Korea and its people. The *Independent*, hitherto printed tri-weekly in English and Korean, edited and published by Dr. Philip Jaisohn, a native Korean, is now issued wholly in English. A glance at the file from April 7, 1896, to May 1, 1897, shows creditable editorial writing, admirable condensation of news, and a keen sense of the needs of the once Hermit Kingdom. It is to be hoped that "the freedom of the press" will not be either abused or curtailed in Cho-sen, for the good influence of this "only English newspaper in Korea" is beyond a question.

Two works reviewed in our last issue, Anderson's 'Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy' and Greene's 'Corporation Finance,' should have been credited to Charles Scribner's Sons and G. P. Putnam's Sons, respectively.

—The proposition to put a duty on white pine gives a timely interest to Dr. Robert Bell's article on the geographical distribution of forest trees in Canada in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for June. It embodies the results of his personal observations for the past forty years, in each of which he has been engaged in exploring one part or another of the Dominion, and is in illustration of a map showing the boundaries of some thirty of the principal trees east of the Rocky Mountains. Of the 340 species known to be indigenous to the United States—"a forest wealth which is perhaps unequalled in any other region on the globe"—123 grow in Canada. One only, the Banksian pine, belongs almost wholly to Canada, a few specimens being found on the southern shore of Lake Superior and in Minnesota. Dr. Bell's observations lead him to believe that while the verge of the forest is retreating southward, both in North America and Asia, some species, as the black walnut, appear to be advancing farther north, as if they "had not yet had sufficient time to occupy all the territory congenial to their existence." The great northern forest which stretches from the Strait of Belle Isle to Alaska, a distance of about 4,000 miles, with a breadth of some 700 miles, consists of small trees and essentially of nine species. The statement that forest fires are natural phenomena, mostly due to lightning, leads Dr. Bell to a fine description of one. A curious result of these fires, to which he does not attribute the treeless condition of the plains and prairies, is the propagation of the Banksian pine, for which fire is a necessity. Its knotty cones are not deciduous, but stick to the tree as long as it lasts; but when the fire attacks it, "the cones immediately open, and the seeds become scattered far and wide by the wind." This article is followed by an interesting account of the market fishes and marine commercial products of Australia, by W. Savile-Kent, the commissioner of fisheries, in which he describes some successful experiments in introducing English varieties and in the artificial culture of mother-of-pearl shell. He adds another to the number of Australian anomalies, the fact that the Murray cod "most commonly deposits its eggs . . . in the hollow trunks of submerged eucalyptus trees," the spawning season occurring "when the floods are out."

—M. Constantine Balmont gave on June 4 his inaugural Ilchester lecture at the Taylorian Institution in Oxford. His subject was "Modern Lyric Poetry in Russia." Speaking of himself as representing what is a common experience among Russians of the present day who care for literature, he confessed that at the age of seven he first learned from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that there is suffering in this world of ours. From 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Gulliver's Travels,' read in abridged translations, came the first hold of literature upon him. Zhukovsky's translations of English ballads, Dickens's novels, and Byron's poems came later, while with Shakspere's dramas the mental growth of his youth and manhood was inextricably associated. English poetry charms the Russian mind, he declared, not with the frigid compulsion of strangeness, nor yet with the mere power of superiority. Dante, for instance, in spite of superiority, has, he declared, no Russian readers. Shelley, in describing himself as "meek and bold," described equally well the common temperament of Russians and Anglo-Saxons. They have the inflexibility of a home-keeping, home-loving conqueror, fond of peaceful dreams and amenable to the gentle splendors of the sunset. Gogol, Pushkin, and Dostoievsky, most brilliant and original among all great Russian writers, have unmistakable English affinities, but admit of no telling literary comparison with writers of any other nationality. Gogol's humor pairs him with Swift or with Dickens. Pushkin at times is Byronic, at other times, though from far, he consorts with Shakspere. Dostoievsky's affinities are with Dickens, perhaps, but certainly with Poe, the author of "The Tell-tale Heart." Zhukovsky, Pushkin, and Lermontoff created the literary language of Russian lyric poetry. Zhukovsky, a type of passivity and gentleness of soul, responded to all influences to which nature made him sensitive, with a readiness little short of the miraculous. Bürger, Uhland, and Schiller he translated, but came closest to English romanticism and interpreted Southey, Scott, and Moore for his compatriots. His translations are stamped with an originality quite his own. His poetry is bathed in a glimmering light as of the moon, where we discern phantoms and hear uncertain sounds dying away. His subjects reappear with a marked difference of treatment in the most modern Russian lyrics. Pushkin was no translator, but, like his hero, Peter the Great, a creator. In him was the quintessence of youth, the springtide, naïveté, and unessayed vigor of a new race. Everything he saw was new, and each contact with the world awoke a swarm of thoughts, feelings, and notes untried. Lermontoff had even closer English affinities than Pushkin, and no wonder, since he was of Scotch descent. He was Byron's double, not his disciple, but his brother. His world misconceived him and left him to eat out his heart alone.

—After this introduction, M. Balmont turned to the typical lyric poets of modern Russia, Tiutsheff and Fet (the dominating pseudonym of A. A. Shenshin). As men, Pushkin and Lermontoff stand out in complete contrast over against the two modern lyric poets. Tiutsheff and Fet lived every-day lives and died as patriarchs, died "old men, and full of years." Pushkin and Lermontoff, on the contrary, were alike in suffering proscription and exile. Both lived in the mountains of the Caucasus, each died prematurely in a duel; Pushkin did not reach his fortieth, Lermontoff did not reach his thirtieth year; neither of them lived to have a glimpse even of the true answer to the riddle of life. Both chose similarly special and tragical themes in song. In the works of neither lurks the mystery of things; they are romantic only in their choice of subjects, in their workmanship they are realists. They go beyond their own experience for their subjects, and reproduce nature, in detail and in the concrete, just as it strikes the eye. They are far from divining any underlying and all-embracing truth. The opposite holds of Tiutsheff and Fet, the two masters who have introduced into Russian literature what M. Balmont qualifies as psychological poetry. They give us no heroics, and their subjects mirror nothing more out of the way than the varying moods of the soul. Their poetry is intimate and mysteriously suggestive. They give us glimpses into the remoter depths of *human personality*, and nature in their poems does not figure as a *mise en scène*, it lives with the breath of its own being. To test this contrast, the lecturer asked, How do these poets, the old and the new, interpret the genius of poetry? How do they interpret nature? How do they express the passion of love? Finally, he contrasted two powerful poems on insomnia, the one by Pushkin, the other by Tiutsheff, and indicated the general line of the three lectures in which he will complete his survey of modern Russian poetry.

—'The Beginnings of Art' (Appletons), from the German of Prof. Ernst Grosse, forms part of the Anthropological Series, and is a contribution to ethnology rather than to art criticism or history. The author's contention is that the only scientific method of investigating the origin of art is to examine the art of the primitive peoples that still exist, and, secondarily, that the general classification of "savage" art is most misleading and unscientific; those peoples only being entitled to the name of "primitive" who are still in that stage of civilization which we must presume to be the earliest, and in which subsistence is wholly dependent upon the chase. He therefore devotes himself to an examination of what is definitely known of the arts of the Australians, the Bushmen, the Eskimo, and two or three other such tribes, taking up in their order personal decoration, ornamentation, representative art, the dance, poetry, and music. Besides disproving some of the doctrines of Taine, Spencer, and others, Prof. Grosse seems to have established certain positive conclusions. These are that all

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the arts except architecture have always existed among all peoples; that the art-impulse, "which is substantially identical with the play impulse—that is, with the tendency to an extreme, purposeless, and therefore æsthetic occupation of corporeal and spiritual powers, and which is more or less combined in various forms with the propensity to imitation—is without doubt a general possession of mankind which is probably far older than human nature itself"; that the arts in their primitive state are very similar among the most diverse races; and that rhythm, harmony, proportion—some form of order, in a word—is the dominating characteristic of all of them; finally, that art is, among primitive peoples, the great binder together and social organizer as well as the great educator. The advocates of the higher doctrine of Art for Art's sake, that art should be pursued with singleness of purpose, in the confidence that good art is good for man, will here find brave weapons forged for them by science.

—Dr. J. P. Richter, known as one of the very first authorities on Italian art, deserves no less credit as a student of that fascinating but labyrinthine period of art history, the transition from antiquity to the Middle Ages. His invaluable work on the mosaics of Ravenna is well known. Now we take pleasure in drawing attention to his publication of all such documents as are of service to the history of Byzantine art ('Quellen zur Byzantinischen Kunstgeschichte.' Vienna: Carl Graeser). Every chronicle, every compilation, has been ransacked and made to yield up what information it could give regarding the progress of art at Byzantium, from its foundation by Constantine to its fall, under another Constantine. It is true that Dr. Richter's work will prove of greater value to the student of Byzantine topography than of art proper. But the architect will find ample indications, and the students of the plastic arts and of painting can feel, at least, that nearly all has been done for them that well could be. The glimpses given of court ceremonial are entertaining as well as valuable. It need scarcely be said that, throughout, Dr. Richter's annotations of the texts are helpful and illuminating.

—From the press of Honoré Champion, Paris, comes a new book by Edmond Biré, not on Victor Hugo, however, but on Honoré de Balzac. It might be supposed that this realistic writer would share the fate of the great poet and dramatist on whom Biré has published such bitter and often unjustifiable criticisms, but Balzac has found favor in his sight, and the work is a laudation slightly tempered by reserves. Balzac, it is true, did many things which in Hugo were atrocious; he assumed a nobility of birth to which he had no right whatever; he wrote plays which were not good at all, save one; he was vainglorious and boastful; he had near as little wit, of the French brand, as Hugo, but, notwithstanding all this, he is presented to us by Biré in a manner almost loving. His plays are much better than critics and public have been willing to believe; his vanity is not inordinate; his wit is of the lightest, and so on. The answer to the riddle of the difference in treatment of the two men is simply, as Biré himself ingenuously admits, that Balzac professed himself a royalist to the end of his days, and a Catholic to boot. Hugo changed with the changing years, but Balzac remained faithful to the creed that Biré holds; hence what are deep-dyed sins in the former are peccadilloes in the latter. Granted that a man may forgive to one writer what he condemns in another, it nevertheless remains true that, by his publication of this book on Balzac, Biré has justified the reproach addressed to him of having, in his volumes on Hugo, served his hatred of the great poet rather than sought, as he claimed, to vindicate truth. Biré is not a safe critic; he colors his judgment by his sympathy or his antipathy. It is noteworthy that the Balzac reads less well than the Hugo; in the latter volumes hate lent his style a lightness and vigor one looks for in vain in the praise of Balzac.

A FUR-TRADER IN THE NORTHWEST.

The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry, Fur-Trader of the Northwest Company, and of David Thompson, Official Geographer and Explorer of the same Company. 1799-1814. Exploration and Adventure among the Indians on the Red, Saskatchewan, Missouri, and Columbia Rivers. Edited, with copious critical commentary, by Elliott Coues, editor of 'Lewis and Clark,' of 'Pike,' etc., etc. In three volumes. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1897.

This bulky book is the Journal of a fur-trading chief on the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Columbia. His chronicle, which runs through a dozen of the years between 1799 and 1814, sheds new light on the region of three rivers which were the only early thoroughfares between the Great Lakes and the Pacific, and which would be so still but for the advent of railways. The chronicler, Alexander Henry, had been far northwest in 1792, but his regular journal opens with a voyage from Fort William, the north point of Lake Superior, via Lake Winnipeg, and up Red River to a point some miles south of the international boundary. This transit cost him, with his brigade of twenty-nine attachés and forty-five canoes of Indians, fifty laborious days, with about as many portages. He once passed over the same mileage in twenty-two days, and "believed it was impossible to perform the voyage in less time" (p. 260). That distance may now be made by rail, and nearly on the same route, in twenty-one hours. After the first winter he changed his base to Pembina, still on the Red River, but exactly on the line between Dakota and Manitoba. His principal post was here till 1808. From this stamping-ground his fur-laden canoes returned every year to the great lake, and he himself usually went with them for the better procuring of supplies, and for consultation with magnates stationed at Fort William by the Northwestern Fur Company, under which Henry was the Red River manager. In 1808 the control over posts on the larger river, Saskatchewan, was confided to Henry. His passage up that long-drawn longitudinal stream from the old station to the new consumed forty-two days. During his command at this utmost corner of the West, he made a forced march in mid-winter to the continental divide, where, in the Howse Pass, the head-waters of the Columbia rise within two miles of the Saskatchewan (51° 48′). Transferred to the Pacific Coast Department, he made his way overland to Astoria. When that place was captured by the British, in November, 1813, he was present, and became Governor there, but the next spring he was drowned at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Henry's writing began with business statistics—his outfits, losses and gains, workmen, portages, helps, and hindrances to his movements, contracts and enterprises. By degrees his daily jottings included hair-breadth 'scapes in tours of duty on flood and field. It moves our special wonder that he did not perish a dozen years earlier by swift illapse of accident disastrous, or in perils of waters and wilderness, of famine and nakedness, of sickness, robbers, and false brethren. Fortunes were made in the fur trade, and the secret of success was in theory simplicity itself. The golden rule was only this: Steal the hearts of Indians with tempting trinkets, and by all means with one whiskey debauch—but only one. Then give those bondmen straw that they may make brick, supply them with guns, and whatever is indispensable for hunting, to be paid for from the first skins yielded by their hunt, rouse them to do their utmost through the hunting season by promises of rum and rations at the finish—above all rum—till they shall say they have never been treated so well nor so often. Such was the practice of Henry. At the outset his freight to the Red River consisted, among other necessaries, of one package of flour and ten packages of undiluted rum—all packages being of equal weight for facilitating carriage at portages. Here was a proportion like *Falstaff's* "one-half pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack." But in truth the whole process was Shaksperian from first to last. The fur-trader was typified by *Stephano*, with his butt of sack. Henry was never far from *Calibans* who any print of goodness would not take, but who, after once tasting celestial liquor, would swear by the bottle to be his true subjects. They would kiss his foot, show him the best springs, with their long nails dig him pignuts, fish for him, and instruct him how to snare the nimble marmoset. To crown all, they were most like the perfidious *Caliban*, because, if they caught their god asleep, they would rob him of his bottle for its nectar that was not earthly.

Henry's golden rule, while as easy to learn as that in the gospel, was as hard to practise. How to make the most of it was his study by day and dream by night, and inspired every word he wrote. His success was much increased by personal qualities. He was a good swimmer and hunter, led in all dangers, equalled his toughest retainers in endurance, held his passions in hand. One of his passages was the quickest ever made from Superior to the Red River. The score of underlings articled to serve Henry on the Red River, if we may judge by their names, were all French or half-breeds, except one negro. These workingmen were accompanied by twice as many tribal Indians. After he had fixed on a site for wintering, he had little ease till, at the end of seven days, he had finished a stockade of fifteen-foot posts and a massive gate—a wall of partition between the natives carousing without, before their send-off on an all-winter hunt, and the serfs within, over whom he ruled as despotically as a

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ship-captain or slave-master. In one corner, on a platform too high to scale, his tent was pitched, with views outward and inward. Here he was monarch of all he surveyed. His sceptre was a double-barrelled gun, and he was a dead shot.

In snuggeries of this sort he jotted down his impressions regarding his environment—men, beasts, scenery, and adventures. While writing them out in black and white his pleasure must have been analogous to that of a cat who lets a captured mouse almost escape her that she may taste the rapture of catching him again. New matter constantly occurred to him, and he unawares wrote volumes. As his dealings were mainly with Indians, he made a grand contribution to their ethnology. This feeling grows in us as we note his vocabularies, his accounts of Indian sign-language, game tracking, bow making, arrow-poisons and antidotes, edible barks, boats of buffalo hides, and hoes of their shoulder-blades, and (above all things else) horses and fire-arms as transforming aboriginal life. Everywhere the writing approves itself as realistic and reliable as the notorious annals of Pepys, naked and not ashamed.

In Henry's stockade there was an Indian Hall, where the hunting brigade was received, furs taken to pay old debts, and a present was made of Indian rum, 85 per cent. water, except the sample glass, in kegs never holding less than a gallon, "since one gallon in a large keg," as Henry tells us, "looks bigger to them than double that quantity in several small kegs" (p. 729)—an unexpected witness that the whole is more than all its parts. The exchange of furs for whiskey once finished, the bacchanals were straightway turned out of the fort to drink their fill and fight out their frenzy with one another. The garrison, looking down from the walls, beheld a sort of volunteer Roman gladiatorial butchery. In such scenes Henry thus moralizes: "Spirituous liquors are the baneful source of all evils"; "the subtle poison to which their wretched condition is mainly owing" (p. 711); "murders are always in drinking matches" (p. 209); "what a *different* set of people they would be were there not a drop in the country," etc. Yet rum was his *primum mobile* and ultimatum, with such results that his editor, usually a Stoic, exclaims: "The trade was simply hell on earth—hell peopled with no souls above a beaver-skin, fired by King Alcohol for the worship of Mammon" (p. 258).

The last date in Henry was more than four-score years ago. How comes it that a manuscript so valuable for history, adventure, topography, and especially anthropology was not printed long ago? It was, in fact, prepared after a fashion for publication in the first decade after its author's death. But the fur trade was already waning, boat-navigation ready to vanish away, settlements on the ground it covered and the comparative study of races not yet begun. So Henry, shelved in Canadian archives, slumbered in his own sheets, and might have slept on for ever save for Dr. Coues. But the indefatigable editor of Lewis and Clark and of Pike no sooner saw the neglected relic among the curios of the admirable Ottawa Library than he recognized its value. He beheld the doublet or triplet which he most desiderated to complete his magnificent endeavor to illuminate the world of the West during the early years of the nineteenth century. What he had accomplished for the United States from the Mississippi to the Western ocean, he could now do for the New Dominion, from the lakes to the same Pacific. But his editorial task was arduous. The Henry original was like his own whiskey when watered for Indians till a pint became a gallon—it was full of vain repetitions, or items of momentary and local interest, and everywhere couched in a bookish dialect which no man ever spoke and few could read. Then, again, as Henry wrote for himself only, his words needed elucidation on every page. This elucidation was supplied preëminently from the manuscripts of David Thompson, who, even before Henry, had traversed all his longitudes and latitudes, withal making such notes as we desiderate in all Henry's pages, and the very best of early maps. His name, therefore, fitly appears on the title-page and most other pages as a sort of Siamese twin to Henry. The commentary by Dr. Coues—derived from his own travels on Henry's track, his scientific studies, and Washington archives—proves that without it neither Henry nor Thompson would tell us all we seek to learn. Accordingly, the editor was convinced that his new light could not be shed abroad on the greater Northwest in less than three volumes. He loves that number like an English novelist, and has made his tomes counterparts of his three on Lewis and Clark and the same number on Pike. The three trios, each a complement of the other two, will, no doubt, remain standards for ages, each in its own field. Some pages in the first and second monumental trios we could more easily spare than as many from the third. The new-discovered material was often better for his purpose than whatever had been before available. Henry was a resident. Pike, and Lewis and Clark before him, were transient travellers. Theirs were the gleanings of months, his was the harvest of years.

It seems scarcely possible to add any fraction to the multitudinous minutiæ which Dr. Coues has accumulated. Who can add a line to what he tells us about the companions of Henry and all their namesakes, or to the fragments gathered up till they filled seven baskets, and, when no corner was found for them in the body of his work, garnered up alphabetically in his volume of index? The Greek who said that every big book was a big bore would banish these countless fractions and half the other letterpress. The truth is, that no page is valueless in this work, which was elaborated not so much to be read as to be referred to. Henry's writing has been manipulated by Dr. Coues much more than was that of Lewis and Clark by Biddle. In the Doctor's own words, his volumes are "a textual compromise between what he found written and what he might have preferred to write" (p. xiii). Without such a confession, every reader must have noticed words born since Henry's time, and turned over the pages with cumulative convictions that the composition was a "mingled yarn," not the unadulterated Henry. Accordingly, we regret that we are vouchsafed no page of Henry pure and simple. Such a sample—above all if in facsimile—would savor a whole volume. Such a facsimile Dr. Coues could not furnish, as the first copyist failed to preserve the photograph; but the original words—the old Bourbon without a drop of dilution—he could have set down before our eyes; at least such a dram as Henry gave to the sampling savage.

RECENT FICTION.

The Landlord at Lion's Head. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co.

The Missionary Sheriff. By Octave Thanet. Harper & Bros.

The Merry Maid of Arcady, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling). D. Appleton & Co.

In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co.

The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

En Route. By J. R. Huysmans. Translated from the French by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul & Co.; New York: New Amsterdam Book Co.

'The Landlord at Lion's Head' is an important addition to the list of novels in which Mr. Howells describes and interprets New England life and character. Jeff Durgin, the Landlord, takes rank with the author's most vivid characterizations—Silas Lapham, of Mineral Paint fame, and Bartley Hubbard, the Journalist. He is perhaps the most striking and effective of the three, for he has more of the uncommon, the unexpected. He is not a settled, conspicuous type, but an incarnation of signs of the times, rumors in the air, a concrete prediction of a type which threatens.

The accident of a wish to paint a picture of the "Lion's Head" brought an artist, Mr. Westover, to the Durgins' mountain farm, where he spent a week, involved himself for ever in the affairs of Mrs. Durgin, and began to feel the mingled liking and detestation for her ruffianly young son which were to prove an endless source of interest and irritation. Westover's part in the novel is subordinate but indispensable, for, like the disinterested family friends of French plays, he connects incidents, explains, interprets, carries every one's burdens, without deriving any profit and frequently against his will. During the fourth year of Jeff's formative experience at Harvard, Westover had a valuable and illuminative thought about him. From his point of view as a gentleman, sensitive, refined, and honorable, he had had occasion to feel deep disgust for Jeff's behavior and told him so. In the ensuing conversation, while Jeff, with perfect good humor and frankness, explained his point of view, it dawned on Westover that he was dealing with an earth-bound temperament, and that the "acceptance of a moral fact as it was, without the unconscious effort to better it or to hold himself strictly to account for it, was the secret of the power in the man which should bring about the material results he desired." This is to say that Jeff was a ripened product of the modern agitation, noticeable in life, literature, and art, about seeing things as they are. The much-coveted faculty was his by nature. He saw things barely, vividly, as they are, without prejudice, without pain, without

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any complicating sense of moral responsibility to modify, to change. He included himself in this exact, unsparing vision. He had never quite believed in his good mother's notion of the great things that going to Harvard would do for him. Even in her isolation she had outlived the superstition that men are born equal, and her son suspected that a Harvard education could not make them equal. But he was willing to try, to see for himself, and know. He was superior to most men in beauty, force, will, temper; about scholarship he was indifferent; the only equality he cared for was social equality, and, before he had been a year at college, he saw and knew he could never get that. His vanity was hurt, but he was not disheartened or in any way discredited to himself. He made no struggle for the recognized unattainable, but he felt that there was a memorable day coming, soon or late, when he should get even with some one of the persons who represented this unattainable. By the episode with Miss Lynde he felt that he came out far ahead, and, when that was closed, the social grievance troubled him no more. His treatment of Miss Lynde is rather appallingly impudent and brutal; her brother's fraternal rage was properly expressed by a horsewhip, but a dispassionate observer must feel with Jeff's mother that she deserved all she got.

The incidental picture of social life at Harvard is so hideously snobbish that incredulity would be the reward of any writer with a smaller reputation for fair observation. Jeff was from the beginning a "jay"; and the condition of being a "jay" seems to denote neither deficient intelligence, nor indifferent morals, nor unpleasant manners, but to depend entirely on the almighty dollar. "Swells" are separated from "jays" by a line more rigid than aristocratic birth. A Samuel Johnson at Harvard would be a godforsaken "jay"; "swells" would forbid him the "yard," and the women of their set would speak to him as a princess might speak to a footman without the princess's courtesy and authority. If half of this be true, it would be wise for Americans of sense and taste to educate their sons at aristocratic Old World seats of learning, where there are opportunities to observe conduct considered becoming to a gentleman apparently not provided by the greatest American university. Mr. Westover's opinion that if this precious society had been kinder to Jeff, he would have been a better man, is a tribute to his own amiability, and an evidence of his sentimental inability to see things in the least as they are. Kindness from such a society might have diverted the course of Jeff's badness, but would probably have made him a worse because a weaker man. As Mr. Howells develops him and leaves him, he is an audacious, vindictive, selfish man, using his force for good or evil solely as the servant of his imperious will, and without any reference to effect on the moral order of the universe. His general attitude towards mankind is one of cynical toleration, and he never wishes to hurt any one who has not made the mistake of hurting him. He is not a bad man, but unquestionably the old romantic theory that it is finer to see things as they might be than as they are, has helped to produce much better men.

'The Choir Invisible' opens with a charming description of the primeval forests in Kentucky, a lovely girl riding along the trail on a white horse with knots of blue violets hanging at his ears. In the last pages, John Grey, the hero, looks back over a long and stormy life, glad that he has resisted evil and held fast to good; that, while missing an ideal happiness, he has won prosperity, honor, content, without losing faith in the beauty of what is right, or aspiration towards that perfection which is God. Seeing that Mr. Allen takes the imaginative, poetic attitude towards nature, animate and inanimate, he wisely chooses to tell a story of the end of the eighteenth, not of the nineteenth, century. In 1795 America was too young for cynicism and pessimism; there was a prejudice in favor of righteousness, an ingenuous belief in hell which kept men from shaking off the troublesome sense of moral responsibility as a garment. The virgin soil was not prolific of voluble critics identifying strength with rank selfishness, goodness with weakness, and proclaiming that the prizes of life are invariably captured by the wicked. Rare, indeed, are those resolute spirits that can hold their own against what all the world is saying; therefore, if John Grey's career was not ended—passed into history—we should be obliged to ask Mr. Allen how, in the face of the convincing Jeff Durgin, he can dare to offer such a fairy tale for the serious consideration of a grown-up public. But, as a member of 'The Choir Invisible,' John Grey is entirely credible, often admirable, and always lovable. Notably self-reliant, he was not beyond the influence of other people and circumstances. The external helps and hindrances are natural and probable. The lovely girl who rides the white horse was not good enough for him, and the lovely girl's aunt, Mrs. Falconer, was too good. The trivial accident which led the girl to jilt him was for him a stroke of good luck, and the virtue of Mrs. Falconer was his salvation. He was quite in her hands, body and soul, but she was a very good woman with a living husband, and as she loved John Grey enough not to let him speak, he rode away and saw her no more. Nothing in the book is more antique and poetical than this episode. A Mrs. Falconer of 1895, feeling heavily upon her the sacred responsibility of developing her *ego*, would have ridden away with John Grey to his everlasting ruin.

The tale is told in leisurely, discursive fashion; a manner that diminishes intensity but adds charm. The author has a poet's facility in the use of metaphor and simile, generally excellent and vivifying the sketches of frontier life and scene, in themselves strikingly picturesque. The political situation at the moment provides a reason for Grey's leaving Kentucky, but most of the discussion about Federalists and Democrats is a little outside the tale, a not interesting revival of a really dead past.

The tales told of 'The Missionary Sheriff' do great credit to his heart as well as to his nerve. The incidents chosen demand all those qualities without which no man ever dared to be sheriff of a Western town where a fringe of wilderness was visible from the main street. Amos Wickliffe had courage, a quick eye, a steady hand, and the unnamed faculty for making men feel that he could neither be frightened nor duped—never beaten. He had also a tenderness of heart which embarrassed him considerably in the performance of official duty, and always stood between the offender and injustice. His judgment about offenders was keen, and he was as prompt to shoot a desperate criminal on sight as he was ready to mitigate the punishment of the weakly erring. He was a good sheriff, a good American, a good fellow, with only one unpleasant habit, that of weeping before the portrait of a lady whom he called "Ma." Doubtless his emotion was as sincere as if he had said "Mother," but to those unaccustomed to the sound, the monosyllable "Ma," addressed to an object of love and veneration, is enough to destroy sympathy and to annihilate esteem. Octave Thanet is very conscientious in reproduction of local habits of speech, and as all her characters say "Ma," it is to be supposed that the word is shouted all over the prairies and echoed back from the Rockies. It is high time that Western legislators should turn their attention from big hats to forms of speech. A bill prohibiting the use of "Ma" and "Pa" on pain of death would eventually add grace and dignity to Western life, not to mention Western literature.

Throughout these stories the author is one with her characters. She is not poking fun, or apologizing, or satirizing, and thus succeeds in giving an inestimable impression of sincerity and actuality. Such qualities are not positively glaring in the 'Merry Maid of Arcady, and Other Tales.' It would be unkind to accuse the author of hypocrisy, but her attempts at criticism of a rich, vapid, pointless society are very perceptibly enfeebled by a reckless joy in infinite discourse on its houses, clothes, amusements, food—above all, on its footmen and maids. The god of love is ever present, but he shoots his arrows cautiously, resolved to dispense with tragedy, and even to forego his fun in such august and wealthy company. Down in Virginia he takes a little liberty, gets mixed up with impoverished lunatics and handsome scions of decayed aristocracy, but, awed by the prevalence of old mahogany, dim family portraits, and priceless porcelain, he stops short of license. Virginia has always grown tobacco, and used to grow slaves, but the wealth produced by these two industries fades into insignificance compared to that which, according to Southern novelists, is represented by its chairs and tables and china cups.

There is nothing in 'A Pinchbeck Goddess' to indicate that the author is the sister of a brother so distinguished in letters as Rudyard Kipling. Mrs. Fleming chatters away fluently about the goings on at Simla, that paradise of the improper. As an Anglo-Indian hill divinity, Mrs. Edwards fills the bill; she paints her face, dyes her hair, and dances (skirt dances) over prostrate warriors. Nevertheless, she is a perfectly virtuous lady, her appearance to the contrary being part of a mystery which, however improbable, is very well sustained. The warriors at ease are as far from idle gallantry as from ferocity. They have intentions serious and honorable. They make eloquent proposals of marriage and take the mitten like lambs, murmuring a tearful "God bless you" or "Farewell—Always better man—Having loved you." The accepted address their beloved as "child," and their obvious disapproval of the paint and dye suggests that immediately after a betrothal a great cleansing and scraping process goes on at Simla.

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The most charitable thought about Mrs. Steel's 'In the Tideway' is that an early effort has been flung at the public to reap the benefit of her successful book, 'On the Face of the Waters.' A prologue introduces a lady and a lover, both aristocratic but poor, and both on the point of yielding to the exigencies of fashionable existence by marrying money. A shooting-box in the Hebrides is indicated as the scene of the coming drama, with the Gulf Stream and an island packed with skeletons in stone coffins for important machinery. Almost immediately after Mr. Eustace Gordon's marriage to a convenient American heiress, he proceeds *en garçon* to Roderay, the shooting-box of Lady Maud's rich husband, a person named Wilson. The chief end of Mr. Gordon's journey is to assure his own and Lady Maud's fidelity to their respective marriage vows. On the very night of his arrival, Lady Maud, tumbling by chance over Mr. Wilson's prostrate body, fears that he is dead, but Mr. Gordon, out of his ampler experience, assures her that her husband is only drunk. Then ensue agonies and consolations, during which the elasticity of the marriage vow is tested. When Lady Maud learns that her husband is kept sober only by the hypnotic influence of a valet, agent of a famous American medicine man, gloomy yet courageous she faces her future—that is, a conscientious second choice between Wilson and Gordon. Thus approaches the tragedy, and the Gulf Stream and skeletons, hitherto neglected, serve the use appointed for them from the beginning. When all is told, there is no appeal to reason, and nothing deserving of sympathy except the Gulf Stream turned to such base uses. This irrational tale is told appropriately with spasms, gasps, dashes, exclamation-points, and urgent appeals to God in heaven.

A certain degree of responsive sympathy with the collector's passion is absolutely necessary for enjoyment of 'The Spoils of Poynton.' Given that sensibility, however slight, Mrs. Gereth is an impressively tragic figure; without it, she appears as a quarrelsome person, probably mad, bent on depriving her son of property allowed him by law because she doesn't like the girl he wishes to marry. Fortunately for Mr. James, it is fashionable to care for things, old things, artistic things; and as fashion often serves as well as genuine feeling, he may be pretty sure of a large and appreciative audience. The lioness defending her cubs is a poor figure for ferocity compared with Mrs. Gereth beating off swine (particularly named Brigstock) from her pearls, the treasures of Poynton. She and her things are one, and whatever may have survived after the elements took a hand in the fray and swept Poynton from the face of the earth, it could be but a pale and soulless image of that ingenious, unscrupulous, and vindictive apostle of æstheticism. Her defeat by the terrible Brigstocks calls for tears much more peremptorily than does the defeat of her astute confidante and go-between, Fleda Vetch, by the chief of those children of darkness, Miss Mona Brigstock. Up to the point where Owen Gereth declares that he is free to rid himself of Mona, her bad taste, and sordid soul, free to love Fleda and happily end the tiresome squabble with his mother, one accepts the possibility of her consuming secret love for Owen. But at this point, loving Owen, loving his mother, loving the things, and having the whole game in her hands, it is difficult to believe that any girl, however subtle and high-minded, ever so deliberately surrendered everything to the enemy. The serious passion of the tale, however, is that of Mrs. Gereth for her things, and the expression of that passion is so perfect that it makes very little difference whether Fleda is a natural, human girl, or an incredible figure woven of whimsical fancy and subtle phrases. The fancy is fine enough and the phrases are good enough to afford a rare pleasure, of a kind which the author alone is able to give us in perfection.

The translator of M. Huysmans's 'En Route' says, in a preface, that the "true interest of the book is in the defence of monastic orders, and the description of such a life seen from very near." The description is undoubtedly interesting, but its value as a defence is small, because, for a Catholic, the monastic system needs no defence, and others can hardly fail to be offended, if not shocked, by a close view of the Trappists and other ascetic communities. It is even possible that an exposure of the mysteries, which probably takes the license of fiction, might appear to a devout Catholic blasphemous as the desecration of a shrine. After the miracle of Durtal's conversion, which is assumed in the beginning, his struggles to cleanse a decidedly filthy mind are narrated at great length with noticeable literary force and skill. The analysis of his fears, doubts, hopes, depressions, and exaltations is frank and radical, but the conception of a soul's travail is sensual and intellectual, while the operation of spiritual grace is only an assumption. The fascination of mysticism for certain natures is set forth with fulness of detail which makes it both revolting and ridiculous to other natures, and serves to fortify a common opinion that the agonies and ecstasies of mystics are mostly an abnormal exaltation of the senses wilfully deprived of natural outlets. The traditions of the Catholic church, its music, architecture, ritual, and imposing functions, are freely used to obtain effects sometimes intensely dramatic and sometimes cheaply theatrical. The translator credits M. Huysmans with a sincere intention to redeem wanderers from the faith; it is not hard to think of soberer methods which would surely be more efficacious.

The Outgoing Turk. Impressions of a journey through the Western Balkans. By H. C. Thomson. With illustrations and maps. London: W. Heinemann. 1897. Pp. xxi, 281, 8vo.

The irony of recent events has taken from the title of this volume much of its significance. In Macedonia the Turkish ruler has apparently a new lease of life, and in Thessaly he is, for the time, the returning, not the "outgoing," Turk. But, as applied to Bosnia and Herzegovina, the title is well chosen, when by Turk is understood the Osmanli official and not the Mohammedan. The former has gone. The latter remains, and enjoys equal rights and privileges with the Christian. To show what this change of rulers has done for the people of the two provinces, as well as to awaken sympathy for their countrymen still subject to Turkey, is Mr. Thomson's main object. His book, then, is not a mere traveller's narrative; descriptions of scenery, places, and incidents of his journey are mingled with accounts of the methods of government, of the social and material condition of the people, and with frequent historical digressions and political forecasts.

He had exceptional opportunities for seeing all parts of the country, not simply that on the main lines of communication, but the outlying mountainous districts which are rarely visited except by officials; and his experience of more than eight hundred miles in these regions, by diligence and post-cart, shows that travelling in Bosnia is unattended with either discomfort or danger. This security to life and property which prevails everywhere is one of the most striking results of the Austrian occupation. In a population of a million and a half, among whom brigandage and murder, twenty years ago, were crimes of daily occurrence, in the three years 1893-'95 there were only nineteen convictions for murder and five for robbery. This has not been accomplished by terrorism, as the army of occupation is only 23,000 and the gendarmerie 2,500 strong, but by the disarmament of the people and the awakening in them of a respect for law and personal rights. The courts have so little, in fact, to do that the number of lawyers, Mr. Thomson says with some hesitation as to the exact figures, is only sixteen for the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This peaceful disposition of the people is the more remarkable, not only considering their past history, but from the fact that they are still divided by race and by religion. Yet there is apparently no indication of the existence of the century-old hostility between Mohammedan and Christian, and there are many instances of the opposite feeling. At a public dinner which the author attended in one of the smaller towns, "the Bürgermeister, a Mohammedan, formed one of the party, and was received on terms of perfect equality and friendship, not only by the Austrian officials, but by the Bosnian Christians, who were also present." At the theatre of Serayevo a Slav dramatic company gave a play, written by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, called "The Empress of the Balkans." Though it dealt with the struggle between the Montenegrins and the Turks, "several of the latter were there, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any one." The Church of St. John at Yaitze is "venerated by Mussulmans and Christians alike," and on the saint's day is resorted to by pilgrims of both religions.

Mr. Thomson confirms the impression received from other recent writers that Bosnia is now the most interesting country in Europe to the traveller. This is due partly to the great beauty of much of the scenery, but mainly to the people themselves. Occupying the borderland, some of the characteristic features of both the East and the West are to be found in them. Fresh from India, Mr. Thomson notes curious resemblances between customs and superstitions of the Hindus and the Bosnians. But nearly everywhere are to be observed the picturesque differences of manners, dress, and habitations which arise from different nationalities and religions. Not the least interesting are the Spanish Jews, some seven thousand in number, whose ancestors were driven out of Spain three centuries ago, and who "still speak Spanish, and have preserved untouched most of their ancient customs and habits." Numerous facts are given

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to show the growth of the provinces in population, in wealth, and in intelligence. Among the most significant is the increase of the peasant proprietors to more than two hundred thousand, many of the holdings having been bought through Government loans. Yet though much is being done by the Austrian officials to develop the resources of the country by building railways and roads, by practical instruction in the best methods of agriculture and other industries, by improving the breeds of horses, cattle, and poultry, they seem to have wisely avoided the fatal error of cultivating a spirit of dependence upon the Government. One of the books, Mr. Thomson tells us, which appeal most powerfully to Serb and Croat alike, is Smiles's 'Self-Help.' "A Croat told me it is more widely read in Croatia than any other book, and that he himself made a practice of always reading two pages of it every day."

The pleasant picture is naturally not without its shadows. A large part of the people are still very poor. The opening of railways has, for the time, depressed the trade of the towns, and the little local industries are unable to compete with the cheap Austrian and Hungarian goods with which the country has been flooded. The people, notwithstanding their wise and humane government, are discontented; "the Turks, because they have been deprived of power, the Catholics because they have been given less than they expected, and the Serbs because they desire independence." The mutual hatred and distrust between the Orthodox and the Catholics apparently still exists in all its strength. "'A false people, the Orthodox, worse than the Turks,' a Dalmatian Croat said to me; 'if they ever obtain power here, I shall emigrate to America.'" This mastery seems not at all unlikely, since the Orthodox now form more than a third of the population, and are increasing more rapidly than either the Catholics or the Mohammedans. Their dream is of a "glorious and united Serbian kingdom, which shall stretch from Salonica to Zara," from the Ægean to the Adriatic.

The closing chapters are purely political, and the slight connection of some of the topics treated with the subject of the volume gives force to the presumption that they were hastily added to increase its bulk. In them the author strives, by showing England's responsibility for the present condition of the Macedonians, to arouse sympathy for them in their anticipated revolt. He believes that there is no danger to the peace of India in a strong anti-Turkish policy, touches upon Armenia, Cyprus, and Crete; demonstrates the impossibility of Turkish reforms, and ends with declaring the identity of Austrian and English interests, as against the policy of Russia, in strengthening Servia and Greece and in freeing Macedon. The real value of the book, which is very attractive in appearance, with numerous excellent illustrations, does not lie in this portion, but in its admirable account of an interesting country and its much-needed light upon the difficulties of the Eastern question arising from the different nationalities, religions, and ambitions of the inhabitants of the Balkans. Though it gives little hope of a speedy solution, it leaves two strong and abiding impressions upon the mind—encouragement from the new and striking proof which Austria has given of the regenerative power of a wise and just government; and indignation at the selfish and short-sighted policy which seeks to maintain and perpetuate Turkish misrule in Europe.

The Real Condition of Cuba To-day. By Stephen Bonsal. Harper & Brothers.

It does not need a severely critical eye to discover inconsistencies in Mr. Bonsal's little book. It contains one illustration, representing a starving family sitting under a palm tree; the baby is already dead, yet that one tree contains nearly a barrel of food, and there are other such trees in the distance. A starving family of Irish peasants could as well have been pictured sitting in a potato field in bearing. Occasionally Mr. Bonsal inserts a Spanish word in his text when an English word would serve the purpose much better, but he fails to tell us what we should much like to know, how the distinctive Americanism "long grass" is rendered in Spanish. He uses the expression frequently, and even attributes it to Weyler himself. Regarding the word trocha, he may have taken the definition from a little book published in New York last year, or he has fallen into the usual error of calling it "trench." But this is a trivial matter compared to his description of the Trocha, of which he speaks as though it were his common pastime to ride along it. He tells us that its "banks are lined throughout its length with at least ten thousand graves," and he compares it to the Suez Canal. The fact is, the Trocha has no banks, nor is it a canal, but a simple cart-road strung with barbed-wire fences and stone walls, and "its palmy days," of which Mr. Bonsal speaks, were long before he went to Cuba. He says that the "ditch which the poor conscript of Spain built has gone to rack and ruin, and the rains of the last month have well-nigh washed away alike all traces of their useless labor and their shallow graves." Now there never has been a single Spanish soldier buried on this Trocha. Whenever a soldier has died there, he has been taken to either of the adjacent cemeteries of Artemisa or Guanajay and given Christian interment.

When Mr. Bonsal tells us that Weyler has not five thousand soldiers "capable of marching from the Battery to Central Park with campaign equipment," what are we to think of the 400,000 Cubans who, he asserts, are being held down in starvation stations by these "wretched conscripts of Spain," who "are without those things which are the common necessities of life to the Digger Indian or to the most primitive and self-sufficient cave-dwellers"? The statement that Gomez has turned up in the rear of Weyler's 40,000 soldiers and given a good account of himself is amusing. For the last four months at least, Gen. Gomez has been in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of Sancti Spiritus, and Weyler, with all his troops, which Mr. Bonsal has a peculiar way of stretching from 5,000 to 40,000 as suits his requirements, has been unable to find him. It would be interesting to know what Gen. Gomez, with his army of 130 armed men and retinue of 200 servants will do upon turning up in Havana after the Spaniards have evacuated that city, as Mr. Bonsal assures us they are to do very shortly.

Calamus: A Series of Letters written, during the years 1868-1880, by Walt Whitman to a young friend (Peter Doyle). Edited, with an introduction, by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., one of Whitman's literary executors. Boston: Laurens Maynard. 1897.

We have here the series of letters to which John Addington Symonds refers in his 'Walt Whitman: A Study,' pp. 78, 79. There was something in that section of Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' called "Calamus" which troubled Symonds not a little, so suggestive was it of a certain aspect of Greek life with which Symonds had acquainted himself painfully in the studies made for his 'Greek Poets.' He confessed his anxiety to Whitman, who wrote reassuringly, yet not so convincingly but that Symonds was very glad to see the letters to Peter Doyle which are now published, as Symonds earnestly wished they might be; and it is true, as he wrote, that "they breathe a purity and simplicity of affection, a naïveté and reasonableness, which are remarkable considering the unmistakable intensity of the emotion." It is true that the series is not complete, "perhaps three lost for each one preserved"; but it would be ungracious to imagine that a less favorable impression might have been derived from the whole correspondence than from a part of it.

There are quite enough of Whitman's letters: half as many would have been equally significant. But it would be very interesting to know how "Pete" "kept up his end" of the correspondence, and we have no means of knowing. In his introduction Dr. Bucke reports an interview with him eleven pages long, from which it would appear that his letters may have been as good as Whitman's or better. It is one of the pleasantest accounts of Whitman we have had. Of Garfield's kindly relations with Whitman there is an agreeable hint: "He always signalled Walt with the cry, 'After all not to create only.'" Why the correspondence dwindled after 1880, we are not informed. Doyle protests that "the same old love" was there until the end. "Then I had a mad impulse to go over and nurse him" is a literary touch for which Dr. Bucke is probably responsible. "There were things preventing," and he did not go. Their first meeting was late at night on a Washington horse-car of which Doyle was the conductor. It was storming fearfully, and Whitman, who had been visiting Burroughs, was the sole passenger. After 1872 Doyle was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and railroad matters are often referred to in Whitman's letters. They had for him a remarkable fascination, and his interest in the hardships of the employees and their tragical misfortunes is one of the most engaging features of the book.

A single letter taken at random will give a better idea of them all than any second-hand account:

"*Brooklyn, Friday forenoon, April 5* [1872].—DEAR SON: I expect to be back in Washington next week—somewhere in the middle of the week—I am well—mother is pretty well—I received your letter three days since—Pete, things must be going on about the same as ever.—As I write it is pleasant weather, and I am going to get the good of it.—Pete, take care of yourself till I see you, dear boy. WALT."

All the letters are on about this level. Mr. Symonds found nothing of patronage in them, and there is nothing of this kind un-

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less it be in their unvarying puerility, which is possibly Whitman's concession to his correspondent. The letters are such as might have been written by some illiterate person interested only in the most commonplace affairs. His health, about which there is much; the weather, of which he was keenly sensible; his meals, which he describes to praise them, never to complain—these things are the staple of them all. Douglas Jerrold's inference that some one had a great deal of wit in him, he let so little out, is, perhaps, applicable here. It is certainly astonishing that Whitman could write so many letters as we have here, and give no sign of intellectual ability or of his poetic gift. The fact gives us a sense of something artificial in his public manner; or was this inane simplicity put on? The kindness of his heart is unmistakable. He is often sending gifts of money to his young friend, and once shirts, the collar to be "turned down low, with a nice black silk neckhandkerchief tied loose," an endeavor to inoculate his friend with his own style. It should be said that much that he writes about his health is written to allay his friend's anxiety. The most pathetic feature is his loneliness in Camden after the failure of his health. He gets "desperate at staying in—not a human soul for cheer, or sociability, or fun, and this continued week after week, month after month." No one can read the book without a kindlier feeling for the man, but the poet never for a moment emerges into view, or in two or three epithets at the most.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, J. H. Sequel to "Our Liberal Movement." Boston: Roberts Bros.
Arnim, Gen. von. Extracts from an Infantry Captain's Journal. Kansas City: Hudson Kimberly Publishing Co.
Ash, Mark. The Greater New York Charter. Albany: Weed-Parsons Co.
Backus, T. J. The Outlines of Literature, English and American. Sheldon & Co. $1.
Bacon, E. M. Walks and Rides in the Country round about Boston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Bennett, Prof. C. E. M. Tulli Ciceronis Cato Maior de Senectute. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 60c.
Boname, Louise C. The Study and Practice of French in School. Part Third. Philadelphia: The Author.
Bonsal, Stephen. The Real Condition of Cuba Today. Harpers. 60c.
Bullock, C. J. Introduction to the Study of Economics. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.
Cleeve, Lucas. Lazarus: A Tale of the World's Great Miracle. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Crapsey, Rev. A. S. A Voice in the Wilderness: Being a Plea for the Restoration of Primitive Christianity. James Pott & Co. $1.
Danett, Thomas. The History of Comines. [Tudor Translations.] 2 vols. London: David Nutt.
Doyle, A. C. Uncle Bernac: A Memory of the Empire. Appletons. $1.50.
Embe, G. When Desire Cometh. Dillingham. 50c.
Fox, John, jr. "Hell fer Sartain," and Other Stories. Harpers. $1.
Garnett, J. M. Macbeth. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Georgia Scenes. New ed. Harpers. $1.25.
Golden, Prof. M. J. A Laboratory Course in Wood-Turning. Harpers.
Gray, Asa. Synoptical Flora of North America. Vol. I. Part I. American Book Co.
Hale, E. E. Susan's Escort, and Others. Harpers. $1.50.
Halle, Ernst von. Baumwollproduktion und Pflanzungswirtschaft in den Nordamerikanischen Südstaaten. Erster Teil. Die Sklavenzeit. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.
Hill, G. B. *Johnsonian Miscellanies.* 2 vols. Harpers.
Hopkins, Tighe. The Dungeons of Old Paris. Illustrated. Putnams. $1.75.
Johnson, J. N. Freytag's Die Journalisten. American Book Co. 35c.
Joseph, J. A. Institutional History of the United States. Danville, Indiana: Indiana Publishing Co.
Kürschner, Joseph. Staatshandbuch, 1897. Lemcke & Buechner.
Lewis, Prof. H. C. Genesis and Matrix of the Diamond. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Marsden, R. G. Select Pleas in the Court of Admiralty. Vol. II. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Mason, James. Chess Openings. London: Horace Cox.
McCarthy, Justin. A History of Our Own Times: From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. Harpers. $1.75.
McDonald, Robert. A Princess and a Woman. Frank A. Munsey. 25c.
McLellan, J. A., and Ames, A. F. The Public School Arithmetic. Macmillan. 60c.
Merrick, Leonard. One Man's View. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Merrill, J. L. In Which Hearts Lead: A Book of Rhymes. New York: De Merle Co.
Merriman, H. S. The Grey Lady. Macmillan. $1.50.
Monroe, Prof. J. Oberlin Thursday Lectures, Addresses, and Essays. Oberlin, O.: Edward J. Goodrich.
Montgomery, D. H. The Student's American History. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.55.
Montresor: An English-American Love Story. F. T. Neely.
Morley, John. Machiavelli. [Romanes Lecture.] Macmillan. 50c.
Mott, J. R. Strategic Points in the World's Conquest. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Moulton, Rev. W. F., and Geden, Rev. A. S. A Concordance to the Greek Testament. Scribners. $7.
Munroe, Kirk. The Ready Rangers. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.
Nolcini, E., and Emmons, G. John King, Manager. Dillingham. 50c.
Norris, W. E. Marietta's Marriage. Appletons. $1.
Peters, John P. Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. Vol I. Putnams. $2.50.
Pidge, Rev. J. B. G. The Prophetical Books of the Old Testament. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 50c.
Pierson, Rev. A. T. Shall We Continue in Sin? Baker & Taylor Co. 75c.
Pope, Rev. G. U. St. John in the Desert: An Introduction and Notes to Browning's "Death in the Desert." Henry Frowde.
Prévost, Marcel. Letters of Women. Meyer Bros. & Co.
Rolfe, A. G. Xenophon's Anabasis. Book V. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Scribner, F. K. The Honor of a Princess. F. T. Neely.
Scudder, H. E. A History of the United States of America. Sheldon & Co. $1.
Seignobos, Ch. Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine. 1814-1896. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Smithson, J. D. Elocution and the Dramatic Art. New ed. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 90c.
Stearns, W. A. Penikese: A Reminiscence, by One of its Pupils. Atlanta, Ga.: The Author. $3.00.
Stephens, Riccardo. Mr. Peters. Harpers. $1.50.
Stoddard, E. V. Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France: His Life and Times. Putnams. $1.75.
Tarver, J. C. Some Observations of a Foster Parent. London: Constable; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
The "Chronicle" Fire Tables for 1897. New York: The "Chronicle" Co.
The Civil-Service Guide. Dick & Fitzgerald.
The Culture of Christian Manhood: Sunday Mornings in Battell Chapel, Yale University. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Traill, H. D. Lord Cromer: A Biography. Edward Arnold. $5.
Turgenev, Ivan. Dream Tales, and Prose Poems. Macmillan. $1.25.
Wharton, Thomas. "Bobbo," and Other Fancies. Harpers. $1.50.
Williams, Meade C. Early Mackinac. St. Louis: Buschart Bros.
Wyatt, A. J. An Elementary Old English Grammar. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.

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